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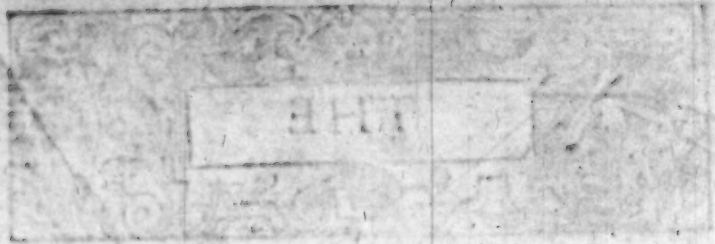
SPANISH TRAGEDY-
die, Containing the lamentable
end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperia*:
with the pittifull death of
olde Hieronimo.

Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as
passed in the first impression.



AT LONDON
Printed by *Edward Allde*, for
Edward White.

C. & P. m.

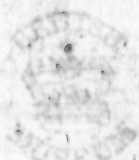


SPARKISH TRAVE

of Cornwall the ...

... and ...

To ...



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ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghoast of *Andrea*. and with him

Reuenge.

Ghoast.



Hen this eternall substance of my soule,
Did lue imprisond in my wanton flesh:
Ech in their function seruing others need,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court.
My name was *Don Andrea*, my discent
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour far

To gracious fortunes of my tender youth;
For there in prime and pride of all my yeeres,
By duteous seruice and deseruing loue,
In secret I possest a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet *Bel-imperia* by name.
But in the haruest of my sommer ioyes,
Deaths winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
Forcing diuorce betwixt my loue and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingale,
My valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slaine, my soule descended straight,
To passe the flowing streame of Acheron:
But churlish *Charon* only boatman there,
Said that my rites of buriall not performde,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Thetis* lap,
And slakte his smoaking Charriot in her floud:
By *Don Horatio* our knight Marshals sonne,
My funerals and obsequies were done.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Then was the Feriman of hell content,
To passe me ouer to the slimie strond,
That leades to fell *Auernus* ougly waues:
There pleasing *Cerberus* with honied speech,
I past the perils of the formost porch,
Not farre from hence amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamant*,
To whome no sooner gan I make approch,
To craue a passport for my wandring Ghost:
But *Minos* ingrauen leaues of Lotterie,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
This knight (quoth he) both liu'd and died in loue:
And for his loue tried fortune of the warres,
And by warres fortune lost both loue and life.
Why then said *Eacus*, conuay him hence,
To walke with louers in our fields of loue:
And spend the course of euerlasting time,
Vnder greene mirtle trees and Cipresse shades.
No, no, said *Rhadamant*, it were not well,
With louing soules to place a Martialist,
He died in warre, and must to martiall fields:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achilles* mermedons do scoure the plaine.
Then *Minos* mildest censor of the three,
Made this deuice to end the difference.
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King:
To dome him as best seemes his Maiestie:
To this effect my passport straight was drawne.
In keeping on my way to *Plutos* Court,
Through dreadfull shades of euer glooming night:
I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
Or pennes can write, or mortall harts can think.
Three waies there were, that on the right hand side,
Was ready way vnto the fore said fields,
Where louers liue, and bloudie Martialists,
But either sort containd within his bounds.
The left hand path declining fearfully,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Was ready downfall to the deepest hell.
Where bloudie furies shakes their whips of Steele,
And poore *Ixion* turnes an endles wheele.
Where *Vsurers* are choakt with melting golde,
And wantons are imbraste with ougly snakes:
And murderers grone with neuer killing wounds,
And periurde wights scalded in boyling lead,
And all soule sinnes with torments ouerwhelmd,
Twixt these two waies, I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire *Elizian* Greene.
In midst whereof there standes a stately Towre,
The walles of brasse, the gates of Adamant.
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my passport humbled on my knee.
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
And begd that onely she might giue my doome.
Pluto was pleasd and sealde it with a kisse.
Forthwith (*Reuenge*) she rounded thee in th'eare,
And bad thee lead me through the gates of *Hor*:
Where dreames haue passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we were heere,
I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.

Reuenge.

THen know *Andrea* that thou art ariu'd,
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don Baltazar the Prince of Portingale.
Depriu'd of life by *Bel-imperia*:
Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this tragedie.

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, Hieronimo.
King.

NOw say *L. Generall*, how fares our Campe?
Gen. All wel my soueraigne Liege, except some few,
That are deceast by fortune of the warre.

King. But what portends thy cheerefull countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in hast?
Speak man, hath fortune giuen vs victories?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Gen. Victorie my Liege, and that with little losse.

King. Our Portingals will pay vs tribute then.

Gen. Tribute and wonted homage therewithall.

King. Then blest be heauen, and guider of the heauens,
From whose faire influence such iustice flowes.

Cast. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,*

Et coniuuata curuato populo gentes

Succumbunt: rectisq; est victoria iuris.

King. Thanks to my louing brother of Castile.

But Generall, vnfolde in breefe discourse,

Your forme of battell and your warres successe,

That adding all the pleasure of thy newes,

Vnto the height of former happines,

With deeper wage and greater dignitie,

We may reward thy blisfull chiuallrie.

Gen. Where Spaine and Portingale do ioyntly knit

Their frontiers, leaning on each others bound:

There met our armies in their proud aray,

Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare:

Both menacing alike with daring shoves,

Both vaunting sundry colours of deuice,

Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums and fifes.

Both raising dreadfull clamors to the skie,

That valles, hills, and riuers made rebound,

And heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound.

Our battels both were pitcht in squadron forme,

Each corner strongly fensht with wings of shot,

But ere we ioynd and came to push of Pike,

I brought a squadron of our readiest shot,

From out our rearward to begin the fight,

They brought another wing to incounter vs:

Meane while our ordinance plaid on either side,

And Captaines strove to haue their valours tride.

Don Pedro their chiefe horsemens Corlonell:

Did with his Cornet brauely make attempt,

To break the order of our batteli ranks.

But *Don Rogero* worthy man of warre,

Marcht

The Spanish Tragedie.

Marcht forth against him with our Musketers,
And stopt the mallice of his fell approach.
While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro,
Both battailes ioyne and fall to handie blowes.
Their violent shot resembling th'oceans rage,
When roaring lowd and with a swelling tide,
It beats vpon the rampiers of huge rocks,
And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding lands.
Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
Thick stormes of bullets ran like winters haile,
And shiuered Launces darke the troubled aire.

Pede pes & cuspide cuspis,

Anni sonant armis vir petiturque viro.

On euery side drop Captaines to the ground,
And Sou'diers some ill mainde, some slaine outright:
Heere fall es a body scindred from his head,
There legs and armes lye bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with weapons and vnboweld steeds:
That scattering ouer spread the purple plaine.
In all this turmoyle three long hores and more,
The victorie to neither part inclinde,
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In their maine battell made so great a breach,
That halfe dismaid, the multitude retirde:
But *Balthazar* the Portingales young Prince,
Brought rescue and encouragde them to stay:
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
And in that conflict was *Andrea* slaine.
Braue man at armes, but weake to *Balthazar*.
Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,
Breathd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproch,
Friendship and hardie valour ioynd in one,
Prickt forth *Horatio* our Knight Marshals sonne,
To challenge forth that Prince in sing'e fight:
Not long betweene these twaine the fight indurde,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his horse,
And forst to yeeld him prisoner to his foe:

When

The Spanish Tragedie.

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to the death,
Till *Phœbus* waiving to the western deepe,
Our Trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat.

King. Thanks good *L. Generall* for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this and weare it for thy soueraignes sake.

Giue him his chaine,
But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?

Gen. No peace my Liege, but peace conditionall,
That if with homage tribute be well paid,
The fury of your forces wilbe staide.
And to this peace their Viceroy hath subscribde.

Giue the *K.* a paper.
And made a solemne vow that during life,
His tribute shalbe truely paid to Spaine.

King. These words, these deeds, become thy person wel,
But now Knight Marshall frolike with thy King,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes this battels prize.

Hiero. Long may he liue to serue my soueraigne liege,
And soone decay vnlesse he serue my liege.

A tucket a farre off.
King. Nor thou nor he shall dye without reward,
What meanes this warning of this trumpets sound?

Gen. This tels me that your graces men of warre,
Such as warres fortune hath reseru'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royall seate,
To show themselues before your Maiestie,
For so I gau'e in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appeare,
That all (except three hundred or few more)
Are safe return'd and by their foes inricht.

The Armie enters, *Balthazar* betweene *Lorenzo*
and *Horatio* captiue.

King. A glad some sight, I long to see them heere.
They enter and passe by.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Was that the warlike Prince of Portingale,
That by our Nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was my Liege, the Prince of Portingale.

King. But what was he that on the other side,
Held him by th'arme as partner of the prize?

Hiero. That was my sonne my gracious soueraigne,
Of whome, though from his tender infancie,
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but well:
He neuer pleas'd his fathers eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my hart with ouercloying ioyes.

King. Go let them march once more about these walles,
That staying them we may conferre and talke,
With our braue prisoner and his double guard.

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs,
That in our victorie thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy Tonnes exploit.

Enter againe.

Bring hether the young Prince of Portingale,
The rest march on, but ere they be dismiss'd,
We will bestow on euery souldier two duckets,
And on euery leader ten, that they may know
Our largesse welcomes them.

Exeunt all but *Bal. Lor. Flor.*

Welcome *Don Balthazar*, welcome Nephew,
And thou *Horatio* thou art welcome too:
Young Prince, although thy fathers hard misdeedes,
In keeping backe the tribute that he owes,
Deferue but euill measure at our hands:
Yet shalt thou know that Spaine is honorable.

Balt. The trespassse that my Father made in peace,
Is now controlde by fortune of the warres:
And cards once dealt, it bootes not aske why so,
His men are slaine, a weakening to his Realme,
His colours ceaz'd, a blot vnto his name,
His Sonne distrest, a coriue to his hart,
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. I *Balthazar*, if he obserue this truce,

B

Or

The Spanish Tragedie.

Our peace will grow the stronger for these warres:
Meane while liue thou though not in libertie,
Yet free from bearing any seruile yoke.
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thy selfe art gracious.

Balt. And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

King. But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt,
To which of these twaine art thou prisoner.

Lor. To me my Liege.

Hor. To me my Soueraigne.

Lor. This hand first tooke his courser by the raines.

Hor. But first my launce did put him from his horse.

Lor. I ceaz'd his weapon and enioyde it first.

Hor. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons downe,

King. Let goe his arme vpon our priuiledge.

Let him goe.

Say worthy Prince, to whether didst thou yeeld?

Balt. To him in curtesie, to this perforce:

He spake me faire, this other gaue me strokes:

He promise life, this other threatned death:

He wan my loue, this other conquerd me:

And truth to say I yeeld my selfe to both.

Hiero. But that I know your grace for iust and wise,

And might seeme partiall in this difference,

Infort by nature and by law of armes,

My tongue should plead for young *Horatios* right.

He hurted well that was a Lyons death,

Not he that in a garment wore his skin:

So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the beard.

King. Content thee Marshall thou shalt haue no wrong.

And for thy sake thy Sonne shall want no right.

Will both abide the censure of my doome?

Lor. I craue no better then your grace awards.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then by my iudgement thus your strife shall end,

You both deserue and both shall haue reward.

Nephew, thou tookst his weapon and his horse,

His

The Spanish Tragedie.

His weapons and his horse are thy reward.

Horatio thou didst force him first to yeeld,

His ranome therefore is thy valours fee:

Appoint the sum as you shall both agree.

But Nephew thou shalt haue the Prince in guard,

For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.

*Horatio*s house were small for all his traine,

Yet in regarde thy substance passeth his,

And that iust guerdon may befall desert,

To him we yeeld the armour of the Prince.

How likes *Don Baltazar* of this deuice?

Balt. Right well my Liege, if this prouizo were,

That *Don Horatio* beare vs company,

Whome I admire and loue for chiuallrie.

King. *Horatio* leaue him not that loues thee so,

Now let vs hence to see our souldiers paide,

And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.

Exeunt.

Enter *Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.*

Vice. Is our embassadour dispatcht for Spaine?

Alex. Two daies (my Liege) are past since his depart.

Vice. And tribute payment gone along with him?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we heere a while in our vnrest.

And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes,

For deepest cares break neuer into teares.

But wherefore sit I in a Regall throne,

This better fits a wretches endles moane.

Yet this is higher then my fortuues reach,

And therefore better then my state deserues.

Falles to the ground.

I, I, this earth, Image of mellancholly,

Seeks him whome fates adiudge to miserie:

Heere let me lye, now am I at the lowest.

Qui iacet in terra non habet unde cadat,

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,

Nil superest vt iam possit obesse magis.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Yes, Fortune may bereaue me of my Crowne:
Heere take it now, let Fortune doe her worst,
She will not rob me of this fable weed,
O no, she enuies none but pleasant things,
Such is the folly of dispightfull chance:
Fortune is blinde and sees not my deserts,
So is she deafe and heares not my laments:
And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad,
And therefore will not pittie my distresse.
Suppose that she could pittie me, what then?
What helpe can be expected at her hands?
Whose foot standing on a rowling stone,
And minde more mutable then fickle windes.
Why waile I then wheres hope of no redrelle?
O yes, complaining makes my greefe seeme lesse.
My late ambition hath distaind my faith,
My breach of faith occasiond bloudie warres,
Those bloudie warres haue spent my treasure,
And with my treasure my peoples blood,
And with their blood, my ioy and best beloued,
My best beloued, my sweet and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to warre my selfe?
The cause was mine I might haue die'd for both:
My yeeres were mellow, his but young and greene,
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt my Liege but still the Prince suruiues.

Vice. Suruiues, I where?

Alex. In Spaine, a prisoner by mischance of warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of armes.

Vice. They recke no lawes that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransomes worth will stay from foule reuenge.

Vice. No, if he liued the newes would soone be heere.

Alex. Nay euill newes flie faster still than good.

Vice. Tell me no more of newes, for he is dead.

Villup. My soueraign pardon the Author of ill newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy Sonne.

Vice.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,
Mine care is ready to receiue ill newes,
My hart growne hard gainst mischiefes battery,
Stand vp I say and tell thy tale at large. (scene.)

Villup. Then heare that truth which these mine eies haue
When both the armies were in battell ioynd,
Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes,
To winne renowne, did wondrous feats of armes:
Amongst the rest I saw him hand to hand
In single fight with their Lord Generall.
Till *Alexandro* that heere counterfeits,
Vnder the colour of a duteous freend,
Discharged his Pistoll at the Princes back,
As though he would haue slaine their Generall.
But therewithall *Don Balthazar* fell downe:
And when he fell then we began to flie,
But had he liued the day had sure bene ours.

Alex. O wicked forgerie: O traiterous miscreant.

Vice. Holde thou thy peace, but now *Villuppo* say,
Where then became the carkasse of my Sonne?

Villup. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue tolde me this:
Thou false, vnkinde, vnthankfull traiterous beast,
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Wast Spanish golde that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance because thou art *Terseus* Lord,
Thou hadst some hope to weare this Diadome,
If first my Sonne and then my selfe were slaine:
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy neck.
I, this was it that made thee spill his bloud,

Take the crowne and put it on againe.
But Ile now weare it till thy bloud be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe (dread Soueraigne to heare me speak.

Vice. Away with him, his sight is second hell,
Keepe him till we determine of his death.

The Spanish tragedie.

If *Balthazar* be dead, he shall not liue.

Villuppo follow vs for thy reward.

Exit Vice.

Villup. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,
Deceiued the King, betraid mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villany.

Exit.

Enter *Horatio* and *Bel-imperia*.

Bel. Signior *Horatio*, this is the place and houre,
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate,
The circumstance of *Don Andreas* death:
Who liuing was my garlands sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For loue of him and seruice to your selfe,
I will refuse this heauy dolefull charge.
Yet teares and sighes, I feare will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight.
Your worthie chiuallier amidst the thickest,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by yong *Don Balthazar*,
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their harts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathfull *Nemesis* that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* praise and worth,
Cut short his life to end his praise and woorth.
She, she her selfe disguisde in armours maske,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus* :)
Brought in a fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his horse and dinged him to the ground,
Then yong *Don Balthazar* with ruthles rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes distresse,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then though too late incensd with iust remorse,
I with my band set forth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him that so slew my loue.

But

The Spanish tragedie.

But then was *Don Andreas* carcase lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I cheefely stroue,
Nor slept I back till I reconerd him:

I tooke him vp and wound him in mine armes.

And welding him vnto my priuate tent,

There laid him downe and dewd him with my teares,

And sighed and sorrowed as became a freend.

But neither freendly sorrow, sighes nor teares,

Could win pale death from his vsurped right.

Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe:

I saw him honoured with due funerall,

This scarfe I pluckt from off his liueles arme,

And wear it in remembrance of my freend.

Bel. I know the scarfe, would he had kept it still,

For had he liued he would haue kept it still,

And worne it for his *Bel-imperias* sake:

For twas my fauour at his last depart.

But now weare thou it both for him and me,

For after him thou hast deserued it best.

But for thy kindnes in his life and death,

Be sure while *Bel-imperias* life endures,

She will be *Don Horatio* thankfull freend.

Hor. And (*Madame*) *Don Horatio* will not slacke,

Humbly to serue faire *Bel-imperia*.

But now if your good liking stand thereto,

Ile craue your pardon to goe seeke the Prince,

For so the Duke your father gaue me charge.

Exit.

Bel. I, goe *Horatio*, leaue me heere alone,

For solititude best fits my cheereles mood:

Yet what auails to waile *Andreas* death,

From whence *Horatio* proues my second loue?

Had he not loued *Andreas* as he did,

He could not sit in *Bel-imperias* thoughts.

But how can loue finde harbour in my brest,

Till I reuenge the death of my beloued.

Yes, second loue shall further my reuenge.

The Spanish tragedie.

Ile loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* freend,
The more to spight the Prince that wrought his end:
And where *Don Balthazar* that slew my loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust disdain,
Reape long repentance for his murderous deed:
For what wast els but murderous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And heere he comes that murdred my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, what meanes this melanchollie walke?

Bel. That for a while I wish no company.

Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visite you,

Bel. That argues that he liues in libertie.

Bal. No Madame, but in pleasing seruitude.

Bel. Your prison then belike is your conceit.

Bal. I by conceit my freedome is enthralde,

Bel. Then with conceite enlarge your selfe againe.

Bal. What if conceite haue laid my hart to gage?

Bel. Pay that you borrowed and recouer it.

Bal. I die if it returne from whence it lyes.

Bel. A hartles man and liue? A miracle.

Bal. I Lady, loue can worke such miracles.

Lor. Tush, tush my Lord, let goe these ambages,
And in plaine tearmes acquaint her with your loue.

Bel. What bootes complaint, when thers no remedy?

Bal. Yes, to your grations selfe must I complaine,
In whose faire answere lyes my remedy,
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes finde beauties bowre,
In whose translucent brest my hart is lodgde.

Bel. Alas my Lord these are hut words of course,
And but deuise to driue me from this place.

*She in going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio
comming out takes up.*

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.

Bel.

The Spanish tragedie.

Bel. Thanks good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.

Bal. Signior *Horatio* stoopt in happie time.

Hor. I reapt more grace then I deseru'd or hop'd.

Lor. My Lord, be not dismaid for what is past,

You know that women oft are humerous:

These clouds will ouerblow with little winde.

Let me alone, Ile scatter them my selfe:

Meane while let vs deuise to spend the time,

In some delightfull sports and reuelling.

Hor. The King my Lords is comming hither straight,

To feast the Portingall Embassadour,

Things were in readines before I came.

Bal. Then heere it fits vs to attend the King,

To welcome hither our Embassadour,

And learne my Father and my Countries health.

Enter the banquet, Trumpets, the *King* and *Embassadour*.

King. See Lord Embassador, how Spaine intreats
Their prisoner *Baltazar*, thy Viceroyes Sonne:
We pleasure more in kindenes then in warres.

Embass. Sad is our King, and Portingale laments,
Supposing that *Don Baltazar* is slaine.

Bal. So am I slaine by beauries tirannie,

You see my Lord how *Baltazar* is slaine.

I frolike with the Duke of *Castiles* Sonne,

Wrapt euery houre in pleasures of the Court,

And graste with fauours of his Maestie.

King. Put off your greetings till our feast be done,
Now come and sit with vs and taste our cheere.

Sit to the banquet.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our second guest:

Brother sit downe, and Nephew take your place,

Signior *Horatio* waite thou vpon our cup,

For well thou hast deserued to be honored.

Now Lordings fall too, Spaine is Portugall,

And Portugall is Spaine, we both are freends,

Tribute is paid, and we enioy our right.

C

But

The Spanish Tragedie.

But where is olde *Hieronimo* our Marshall,
He pcomised vs in honor of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous iest.

Enter *Hieronimo* with a Drum, three Knights, each his Scutchin, then he fetches three Kings, they take their Crownes and them captiue.

Hieronimo, this maske contents mine eie,
Although I sound not well the misterie.

Hiero. The first arm'd Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He takes the Scutchin and giues it to the King.

Was English *Robert* Earle of Glocester,
Who when king *Stephen* bore sway in Albion,
Arriued with five and twenty thousand men,
In Portingale, and by successe of warre,
Enforced the King then but a Sarasin,
To beare the yoake of the English Monarchie.

King. My Lord of Portingale, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse.
But say *Hieronimo*, what was the next?

Hiero. The second Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He doth as he did before.

Was *Edmond* Earle of Kent in Albion,
When English *Richard* wore the Diadem.
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walles,
And tooke the King of Portingale in fight:
For which, and other such like seruice done,
He after was created Duke of Yorke.

King. This is another speciall argument,
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by little England hath beene yoakt:
But now *Hieronimo* what were the last?

Hiero. The third and last not least in our account,
Dooing as before.

Was as the rest a valiant Englishman,
Braue *Iohn* of Gaunt the Duke of Lancaster.

The Spanish tragedie.

As by his Scutchin plainly may appeare,
He with a puissant armie came to Spaine,
And tooke our King of Castile prisoner.

Embass. This is an argument for our Viceroy,
That Spaine may not insult for her successe,
Since English warriours likewise conquered Spaine,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I dtinke to thee for this deuise.
Which hath pleasde both the Embassador and me:
Pledge me *Hieronimo*, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cup of Horatio.

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer-long.
Vnlesse our dainties were more delicate.
But welcome are you to the best we haue.
Now let vs in that you may be dispatcht,
I think our counsell is already set.

Exeunt omnes.

Andrea.

Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To see him feast that gaue me my deaths wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soule,
Nothing but league, and loue and banqueting?

Reuenge.

Be still *Andrea* ere we goe from hence,
Ile turne their freendship into fell despight,
Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night,
Their hope into dispaire, their peace to warre,
Their ioyes to paine, their blisse to miserie.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Lorenzo and Balibazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Bel-imperia* sceme thus coy,
Let reason holde you in your wonted ioy:

The Spanish Tragedie.

In time the sauage Bull sustaines the yoake,
In time all haggard Hawkes will stoope to lure,
In time small wedges cleaue the hardest Oake,
In time the flint is pearst with softest shower,
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your freendly paine.

Bal. No, she is wilder and more hard withall,
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperias* name?
It is my fault, not she that merites blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My wodres are rude and worke her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as doe drop from *Pan* and *Marsias* quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthles all my labours lost.
Yet might she loue me for my valiancie,
I but thats slaundred by captiuitie.
Yet might she loue me to content her fire:
I but her reason masters his desire.
Yet might she loue me as her brothers freend,
I, but her hopes aime at some other end,
Yet might she loue me to vpreare her state,
I, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she loue me as her beauteous thrall,
I, but I feare she cannot loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my sake leaue these extasies,
And doubt not but wee le finde some remedie,
Some cause there is that lets you not be loued:
First that must needs be knowne and then remoued.
What if my Sister loue some other Knight?

Balt. My sommers day will turne to winters night.

Lor. I haue already found a stratageme,
To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame,
My Lord, for once you shall be rulde by me,
Hinder me not what ere you heare or see.
By force or faire meanes will I cast about,

The Spanish Tragedie.

To finde the truth of all this question out.

Ho *Pedringano*.

Ped. Signior.

Lor. *Vien que presto.*

Enter *Pedringano*.

Ped. Hath your Lordship any seruice to command me?

Lor. I *Pedringano* seruice of import:

And not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus stands the case; it is not long thou knowst,
Since I did shield thee from my fathers wrath,
For thy conueiance in *Andreas* loue:
For which thou wert adiudg'd to punishment,
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:
And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee,
Now to these fauours will I addereward,
Not with faire woords, but store of golden coyne,
And lands and liuing ioynd with dignities,
If thou but satisfie my iust demaund.
Tell truth and haue me for thy lasting freend.

Ped. What ere it be your Lordship shall demaund,
My bounden duety bids me tell the truth.
If case it lye in me to tell the truth.

Lor. Then *Pedringano* this is my demaund,
Whome loues my sister *Bel-imperia*?
For she reposes all her trust in thee:
Speak man and gaine both freendship and reward,
I meane, whome loues she in *Andreas* place?

Ped. Alas my Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credit with her as before,
And therefore know not if she loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dally then I am thy foe,
And feare shall force what frendship cannot winne.
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceales.
Thou dyest for more esteeming her then me.

Ped. Oh stay my Lord.

Lor. Yet speak the truth and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from what euer can ensue.

The Spanish tragedie.

And will conceale what ere proceeds from thee,
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

Ped. If Madame *Bel-imperia* be in loue.

Lor. What villaine ifs and ands?

Ped. O stay my Lord, she loues *Horatio*.

Balthazar starts back.

Lor. What *Don Horatio* our Knight Marshals sonne?

Ped. Euen him my Lord.

Lor. Now say, but how knowest thou he is her loue?

And thou shalt finde me kinde and liberall:

Stand vp I say, and feareles tell the truth.

Ped. She sent him letters which my selfe perusde,
Full fraught with lines and arguments of loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

Lor. Swear on this crosse, that what thou saiest is true,
And that thou wilt conseale what thou hast tolde.

Ped. I swear to both by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, heeres thy reward,
But if I proue thee periurde and vniust,
This very sword whereon thou tookst thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

Ped. What I haue saide is true, and shall for me,
Be still conceald from *Bel-imperia*.

Besides your Honors liberalitie,
Deserues my duteous seruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me,
Be watchfull when, and where these louers meete,
And giue me notice in some secret sort.

Ped. I will my Lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou finde that I am liberall,
Thou knowst that I can more aduaunce thy state
Then she, be therefore wise and faile me not.
Goe and attend her as thy custome is,
Least absence make her think thou doost amisse.

Exit Pedringano.

Why so: *Tam armis, quam ingenio*:
Where words preuaile not, violence preuailes.

But

The Spanish Tragedie.

But golde doth more then either of them both.

How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratageme?

Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and sad:

Glad, that I know the hinderer of my loue,

Sad, that I feare she hates me whome I loue.

Glad, that I know on whom to be reueng'd,

Sad, that shee lefle me if I take reuenge.

Yet must I take reuenge or dye my selfe,

For loue resisted growes impatient.

I think *Horatio* be my destinde plague,

First in his hand he brandished a sword,

And with that sword he fiercely waged warre,

And in that warre he gaue me dangerous wounds,

And by those wounds he forced me to yeeld,

And by my yeelding I became his slaue.

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,

Which pleasing wordes doe harbour sweet conceits,

Which sweet conceits are lim'd with flie deceits,

Which flie deceits smoothe *Bel-imperias* cares,

And through her cares diue downe into her hart,

And in her hart set him where I should stand.

Thus hath he tane my body by his force,

And now by sleight would captiuate my soule:

But in his fall ile tempt the destinies,

And either loose my life, or winne my loue.

Lor. Lets goe my Lord, your staying staies reuenge,

Doe you hut follow me and gaine your loue,

Her fauour must be wonne by his remooue.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Hor. Now Madame, since by fauour of your loue,

Our hidden smoke is turnd to open flame:

And that with lookes and words we feed our thought.

Two chiefe contents, where more cannot be had.

Thus in the midst of loues faire blandishments,

Why shew you signe of inward languishments.

Pedringano

The Spanish tragedie.

Pedringano sheweth all to the *Prince* and *Loremo*,
placing them in secret.

Bel. My hart (sweet freend) is like a ship at sea,
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,
She mad repaire what stormie times haue worne:
And leaning on the shore may sing with ioy,
That pleasure followes paine, and blisse annoy.
Possession of thy loue is th'onely port,
Wherein my hart with feares and hopes long tost,
Each howre doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repaire the ioyes that it hath lost:
And sitting safe to sing in Cupids quire,
That sweetest blisse is crowne of loues desire.

Balthazar above.

Bal. O sleepe mine eyes, see not my loue prophande,
Be deafe my cares, heare not my discontent,
Dye hart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine eyes, to see this loue disioynd,
Heare still mine cares, to heare them both lament,
Liue hart to ioy at fond *Horatio*s fall.

Bel. Why stands *Horatio* speecheles all this while?

Hor. The lesse I speak, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon doost thou chiefly meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Bel. What dangers, and what pleasures doost thou mean?

Hor. Dangers of warre, and pleasures of our loue.

Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let dangers goe, thy warre shall be with me,
But such a warring, as breakes no bond of peace.
Speak thou faire words, ile crosse them with faire words,
Send thou sweet looks, ile meet them with sweet looks,
Write louing lines, ile answer louing lines,
Giue me a kisse, ile counterchecke thy kisse,
Be this our warring peace, or peacefull warre.

Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoint the field,
Where triall of this warre shall first be made.

Bal.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldenes growest.

Bel, Then be thy fathers pleasant bower the field,
Where first we vowd a mutuall amitie:
The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:
Our howre shalbe when *Vesper* ginnes to rise,
That summons home distresfull trauellers.
There none shall heare vs but the harmeles birds,
Happellie the gentle Nightingale,
Shall carroll vs a sleepe ere we be ware.
And singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance.
Till then each houre will seeme a yeere and more.

Hor. But honie sweet, and honorable loue,
Returne we now into your fathers sight,
Dangerous suspition waits on our delight.

Lor. I, danger mixt with iealous despite,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night.

Exeunt.

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassadour,

Don Ciprian, &c.

King. Brother of Castile, to the Princes loue:
What saies your daughter *Bel-imperia*?

Cip. Although she coy it as becomes her kinde,
And yet dissensible that she loues the Prince:
I doubt not I, but she will stoope in time,
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet heerein shall she follow my aduice,
Which is to loue him or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassadour of Portingale,
Aduise thy King to make this marriage vp,
For strengthening of our late confirmed league,
I know no better meanes to make vs freends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberall,
Besides that, she is daughter and halfe heire,
Vnto our brother heere *Don Ciprian*,
And shall enjoy the moitie of his land.
He grace her marriage with an vnckles gift,

D

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And this it is, in case the match goe forward,
The tribute which you pay shalbe releast,
And if by *Balthazar* she haue a Sonne,
He shall enioy the kingdome after vs.

Embas. Ile make the motion to my soueraigne Liege,
And worke it if my counsaile may preuaile.

King. Doe so my Lord, and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heere will honour vs,
In celebration of the nuptiall day,
And let himselfe determine of the time.

Em. Wilt please your grace command me ought besides?

King. Commend me to the King, and so farewell.
But wheres Prince *Balthazar* to take his leaue?

Em. That is perfourmd alreadie my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes raunsome must not be forgot:
Thats none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner,
And well his forwardnes deserues reward.
It was *Horatio* our Knight Marshalls sonne.

Em. Betweene vs theres a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.

King. Then once againe farewell my Lord.

Em. Farwell my Lord of Castile and the rest.

Exit

King. Now brother, you must take some little paines,
To winne faire *Bel-imperia* from her will:
Young Virgins must be ruled by their freends,
The Prince is amiable and loues her well,
If she neglect him and forgee his loue,
She both will wrong her owne estate and ours:
Therefore whiles I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasure that our Court affords,
Endeuour you to winne your daughters thoughts,
If she giue back, all this will come to naught.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings,
To ouer-cloud the brightnes of the Sunne,

And

The Spanish tragedie.

And that in darkenes pleasures may be done:

Come *Bel-imperia* let vs to the bower,

And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee my loue, and will not backe,

Although my fainting hart controles my soule.

Hor. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringanos* faith?

Bel. No he is as trustie as my second selfe.

Goe *Pedringano* watch without the gate,

And let vs know if any make approach.

Ped. In steed of watching ile deserue more golde.

By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. Exit *Ped.*

Hor. What meanes my loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe :

And yet my hart foretels me some mischaunce.

Hor. Sweet say not so, faire fortune is our freend,

And heauens haue shut vp day to pleasure vs.

The starres thou seest holde back their twinckling shine,

And *Luna* hides her selfe to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou hast preuailde, ile conquer my misdoubt,

And in thy loue and counsell drowne my feare:

I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughts,

Why sit we nat, for pleasure asketh ease?

Hor. The more thou sitst within these leany bowers,

The more will *Flora* decke it with her flowers.

Bel. I but if *Flora* spye *Horatio* heere,

Her iealous eye will think I sit too neere.

Hor. Harke Madame how the birds record by night,

For ioy that *Bel-imperia* sits in sight.

Bel. No *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,

To frame sweet musick to *Horatio*s tale.

Hor. If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is nor farre,

I thou art *Venus* or some fairer starre.

Bel. If I be *Venus* thou must needs be *Mars*,

And where *Mars* raigneth there must needs be warre.

Hor. Then thus begin our wars put forth thy hand,

That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. But first my looks shall combat against thine.

Bel. Then ward thy selfe, I dart this kisse at thee.

Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou threwst at me.

Bel. Nay then to gaine the glory of the field,
My twining armes shall yoake and make thee yeeld.

Hor. Nay then my armes are large and strong with
Thus Elmes by vines are compast till they fall.

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,
Now maist thou read that life in passion dies.

Hor. O stay a while and I will dye with thee,
So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquerd me.

Bel. Whose there *Pedringano*? we are betraide.

Enter *Lorenzo, Balibazar, Cerberin, Pedringano*,
disguised.

Lor. My Lord away with her, take her aside,
O sir forbear, your valour is already tride.
Quickly dispatch my maisters,

Thy hang him in the Arbor.

Hor. What will you murder me?

Lor. I thus, and thus, these are the fruits of loue.

They stab him.

Bel. O saue his life and let me dye for him,
O saue him brother, saue him *Balibazar*:
I loued *Horatio* but he loued not me.

Bal. But *Balibazar* loues *Bel-imperia*.

Lor. Although his life were still ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel. Murder, murder, helpe *Hieronimo* helpe.

Lor. Come stop her mouth away with her. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Hieronimo* in his shirt. &c.

Hiero. What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill my throbbing hart with trembling feare,
Which neuer danger yet could daunt before.
Who calls *Hieronimo*? speak, heere I am:
I did not slumber, therefore it was no dreame,

No,

The Spanish Tragedie.

No, no, it was some woman cride for helpe,
And heere within this garden did shee crue.
And in this garden must I rescue her:
But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?
A man hangd vp and all the murderers gone,
And in my bower to lay the guilt on me:
This place was made for pleasure not for death.

He cuts him downe.

Those garments that he weares I oft haue seene,
Alas it is *Horatio* my sweet sonne.
O no, but he that whilome was my sonne,
O was it thou that call'dst me from my bed,
O speak if any sparke of life remaine.
I am thy Father, who hath slaine my sonne?
What sauadge monster, not of humane kinde,
Hath heere beene gluttred with thy harmeles blood?
And left thy bloudie corpes dishonoured heere,
For me amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
To drowne thee with an ocean of my teares.
O heauens, why made you night to couer sinne?
By day this deed of darkenes had not beene.
O earth why didst thou not in time deuoure,
The vilde prophaner of this sacred bower.
O poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdoone?
To leese thy life ere life was new begun.
O wicked butcher what so ere thou wert,
How could thou strangle vertue and desert?
Ay me most wretched that haue lost my ioy,
In leeing my *Horatio* my sweet boy.

Enter *Isabell*.

Isa. My husbands absence makes my hart to throb,

Hieronimo.

Hiero. Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
For sighes are stoppt, and all my teares are spent.

Isa. What world of griefe, my sonne *Horatio*?

O wheres the author of this endles woe.

The Spanish tragedie :

Hiero. To know the author were some ease of greefe,
For in reuenge my hart would finde releefe.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my sonne gone too?
O gush out teares, fountains and floods of teares,
Blow sighes and raise an euerlasting storme.
For outrage fits our curst and wretchednes.

Hiero. Sweet louely Rose, ill pluckt before thy time,
Fairst worthy sonne, not conquerd but betraid:
Ile kisse thee now, for words with teares are staine.

Isa. And ile close vp the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were onely my delight.

Hiero. Seest thou this handkercher besmird with blood,
It shall not from me till I take reuenge:
Seest thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh,
Ile not intombe them till I haue reueng'd:
Then will I ioy amidst my discontent,
Till then my sorrow neuer shall be spent.

Isa. The heauens are iust, murder cannot be hid,
Time is the author both of truth and right.
And time will bring this trecherie to light.

Hiero. Meane while good *Isabella* cease thy plaints,
Or at the least dissemble them awhile,
So shall we sooner finde the practise out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.
Come *Isabell* now let vs take him vp,

They take him vp.

And beare him in from out this curst place,
Ile say his dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum var educet herbas,

Hiero sets his brest vnto his sword.

*Misceat & nostro detur, medicina dolori:
Aut si qui faciunt annum oblitum succos,
Prebeat, ipse metum magnam quicunque per orbem,
Gramina Sol pulchras effecit in luminis oras.
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneri,
Quicquid & irani euecaca menia nescit.
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque damus semel omnis,*

Noster

The Spanish tragedie.

*Noster in extincto moriatur pectora sensus
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) vi debo.
Et tua perpetuus sepeluit lumina somnus:
Emoriar tecum Sic, sic iunat me sub umbras,
Attamen absistam properato cedere lotbo,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.*

Heere he throwes it from him and beares the body away.

Andrea.

Broughtst thou me hether to increase my paine?
I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue beene slaine:
But tis my freend *Horatio* that is slaine,
And they abuse faire *Bel-imperia*.
Or whom I doted more then all the world,
Because she lou'd me more then all the world.

Reuenge.

Thou talkest of haruest when the corne is greene,
The end is crowne of euery worke well done:
The Sickle comes not till the corne be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauy case.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Viceroy.

INfortunate condition of Kings,
I Seated amidst so many helpeles doubts:
First we are plast vpon extreamest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding heat,
But ouer subiect to the wheele of chance?
And at our highest never ioy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striueth not the waues with sundry winds,
As fortune toyleth in the affaires of kings,

That

The Spanish tragedie.

That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare or loue to Kings is flatterie:
For instance Lordings, look vpon your King,
By hate deprivied of his dearest sonne,
The onely hope of our successfull line.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* hart,
Had beene enuie nomde with such extreme hate:
But now I see that words haue severall workes,
And theres no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No, for my Lord, had you behelde the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in campe consorted *Balthazar*:
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That howerly coasts the center of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.

Vice. No more *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough;
And with thy words thou slaieest our wounded thoughts.
Nor shall I longer dally with the world:
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the traitor forth,
That as he is condemned he may dye.

Enter *Alexandro* with a Noble man
and Halberts.

Nob. In such extreames, will nought but patience serue.

Alex. But in extreames, what patience shall I vse?
Nor discontents it me to leaue the world,
With whome there nothing can preuaile but wrong.

Nob. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis Heauen is my hope.
As for the earth it is too much infect,
To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fecnd,
And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
For Nobles cannot stoop to seruile feare.
Doo I (O King) thus discontented live.

But

The Spanish tragedie.

But this, O this torments my labouring soule,
That thus I die suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion,

Vice. No more I say, to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those flames,
They binde him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those vnquenched fiers,
Of Phlegiton prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guiltles death will be aueng'd on thee,
On thee *Villuppo* that hath malisde thus,
Or for thy meed, hast falsely me accnsde.

Vil. Nay *Alexandro* if thou menace me,
Ile lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy words shall perish with thy workes,
Iniurious traitour, monstrous homicide.

Enter Embassadour.

Stay hold a while, and heer with pardon of his Maiestie,
Lay hands vpon *Villuppo*. (trance?)

Vice. Embassadour, what news hath vrg'd this sodain en-

Em. Know soueraigne L. that *Balthazar* doth liue.

Vice. What saiest thou? liueth *Balthazar* our sonne?

Em. Your highnes sonne, L. *Balthazar* doth liue.

And well intreated in the Court of Spaine:
Humbly commends him to your Maiestie.
These eies beheld, and these my followers,
With these the letters of the Kings commends.

Giues him Letters.

Are happie witnesses of his highnes health.

The King lookes on the letters, and proceeds.

Vice. Thy sonne doth liue, your tribute is receiu'd,
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied:
The rest resolute vpon as things proposde,
For both our honors and thy benefite.

Em. These are his highnes farther articles.

He giues him more Letters.

Vice. Accursed wretch to intimate these ills,

E

Against

The Spanish Tragedie.

Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*. come my Lord vnbinde him.
Let him vnbinde thee that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy discontent.

They vnbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindenes you could do no lesse,
Vpon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocence hath sau'd,
The hopeles life which thou *Villuppo* sought,
By thy suggestions to haue massacred.

Vice. Say false *Villuppo*? wherefore didst thou thus
Faillily betray Lord *Alexandro*s life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindenes els,
But euen the slaughter of our deere sonne,
Could once haue moued vs to haue misconceaued.

Alex. Say trecherous *Villuppo*, tell the King,
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?

Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltie soule submits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandro*s iniuries,
But, for reward, and hope to be preferd:
Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life,

Vice, which villaine shalbe ransomed with thy deeth,
And not so meane a torment as we heere
Deuise for him, who thou saidst slew our sonne:
But with the bitterest torments and extreames,
That may be yet inuented for thine end:

Alex. seemest to intreat.

Intreat me not, goe take the traitor hence. *Exit Vil.*
And *Alexandro* let vs honor thee,
With publique notice of thy loyaltie,
To end those things articulated heere,
By our great L. the mightie king of Spaine.
We with our councell will deliberate,
Come *Alexandro* keepe vs company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. Oh eies, no eies but fountains fraught with teares,
Oh

The Spanish tragedie.

Oh life, no life, but liuely fourme of death:
Oh world, no world but masse of publique wrongs.
Confusde and filde, with murder and mildeeds
Oh sacred heauens, if this vnhalloved deed,
If this inhumane and barberous attempt,
If this incompaeeable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my sonne,
Shall vnreueald and vnreuenged passe,
How should we tearme your dealings to be iust,
If you vniustly deale with those, that in your iustice trust.
The night sad secretary to my mones,
With direfull visions wake my vexed soule,
And with the wounds of my distresfull sonne,
Solicite me for notice of his death.
The ougly feends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to vnfrequented paths,
And feare my hart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudie day my discontents records,
Early begins to regester my dreames,
And driue me forth to seeke the murtherer,
Eies, life, world, heauens, hel, night and day,
See, search, shew, send, some man,
Some meane, that may:

A Letter falleth.

Whats heere? a letter, tush, it is not so,

A Letter written to *Hieronimo*.

Red incke.

Bel For want of incke receiue this bloudie writ,
Me hath my haples brother hid from thee,
Reuenge thy selfe on *Balthazar* and him,
For these were they that muredred thy Sonne.

Hieronimo, reuenge *Horatios* death,
And better fare then *Bel-imperia* doth.

Hiero What meanes this vnexpected miracle?
My Sonne slaine by *Lorenzo* and the Prince.
What cause had they *Horatio* to maligne?
Or what might mooue thee *Bel-imperia*,
To accuse thy brother, had he beene the meane?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hieronimo beware, thou art betraide,
And to intrap thy life this traine is laide.
Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is deuised to endanger thee,
That thou by this *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse,
And he for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question; and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,
And of his death behoues me be reueng'd:
Then hazard not thine owne *Hieronimo*,
But liue t^e effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances trie,
What I can gather to confirme this writ,
And harkning neere the Duke of Castiles house,
Close if I can with *Belimperia*,
To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter *Pedringano*.

Hiero. Now *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. Wheres thy Lady?

Ped. I know not, heers my Lord.

Enter *Lorenzo*.

Lor. How now, whose this, *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Bel-imperia*.

Lor. What to doo *Hieronimo*? The Duke my father hath
Vpon some disgrace a while remoou'd her hence,
But if it be ought I may enforme her of,
Tell me *Hieronimo*, and ile let her know it.

Hiero. Nay, nay my Lord, I thank you, it shall not need,
I had a sute vnto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me vnfortunate.

Lor. Why so *Hieronimo*? vse me.

Hiero. Oh no my Lord, I dare not, it must not be.
I humbly thank your Lordship.

Lor. Why then farewell.

Hiero,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hiero. My griefe no hart, my thoughts no tung can tell.

Exit.

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*, see'st thou this?

Ped. My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villain *Serberine*,
That hath I feare reuealde *Horatios* death.

Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas so lately done,
And since he hath not left my company.

Lor. Admit he haue not, his conditions such,
As feare or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repent,
That ere I vsde him in this enterprise.

But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Heere for thy further satisfaction take thou this.

Giues him more golde.

And harken to me, thus it is deuifde :

This night thou must, and prethee so resolute,
Meet *Serberine* at *S. Lingis Parke*,
Thou knowest tis heere hard by behinde the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,
For dye he must, if we do meane to liue.

Ped. But how shall *Serberine* be there my Lord?

Lor. Let me alone, ile send to him to meet
The Prince and me, where thou must doe this deed.

Ped. It shalbe done my L. it shall be done,
And ile goe arme my selfe to meet him there.

Lor. When things shall alter, as I hope they wil;
Then shalt thou mount for this, tbou knowest my minde.

Exit Ped.

Che le Ieron.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Goe sirra to *Serberine*, and bid him forthwith,
Meet the Prince and me at *S. Lingis Parke*,
Behinde the house, this euening boy.

Page. I goe my Lord.

The Spanish tragedie.

But firra, let the houre be eight a clocke.
Bid him not faile.

Page. I flye my Lord.

Exit.

Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practises, Ile spread the watch,
Vpon precise commandement from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night shall murder haples *Serberine*.
Thus must we worke that will auoide distrust,
Thus must we practise to preuent mishap,
And thus one ill, another must expulse. (tion,
This lie enquiry of *Hieronimo* for *Bel-imperia*, breeds suspi-
And this suspition boads a further ill.
As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,
And so doe they, but I haue dealt for them.
They that for coine their soules endangered
To saue my life, for coyne shall venture theirs:
And better its that base companions dye,
Then by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they liue for me, to feare their faith:
Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shalbe my freend,
For dye they shall, slaues are ordeind to no other end.

Exit.

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

Now *Pedringano* bid thy pistoll holde,
And holde on Fortune, once more fauour me,
Giue but successe to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aime:
Heere is the golde, this is the golde proposde,
It is no dreame that I aduenture for,
But *Pedringano* is possesse thereof.
And he that would not straine his conscience,
For him that thus his liberall purse hath stretcht,
Vnworthy such a fauour may he faile,
And wilhing, want when such as I preuaile.
As for the feare of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble Lord

Will

The Spanish Tragedie.

Will stand betwene me and ensuing harmes.
Besides, this place is free from all suspect:
Heere therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the watch.

1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expressly chargd to watch?

2 Tis by commandement in the Kings own name.

3 But we were neuer wont to watch and ward,
So neere the Duke his brothers house before.

2 Content your selfe, stand close, theres somewhat int-

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere Serberine attend and stay thy pace,
For heere did *Don Lorenzos* Page appoint,
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.
How fit a place if one were so disposde,
Me thinks this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Heere comes the bird that I must ceaze vpon,
Now *Pedringano* or neuer play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordship staies so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Ped. For this *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha'te.

Shootes the Dagge.

So, there he lyes, my promise is performde.

The Watch.

1 Harke Gentlemen, this is a Pistol shot.

2 And heeres one slaine, stay the murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in hell,

He striues with the watch.

Who first laies hand on me, ile be his Priest,

3 Sirra, confesse, and therein play the Priest,
Why hast thou thus vnkindely kild the man?

Ped. Why, because he walkt abroad so late.

3 Come sir, you had bene better kept your bed,
Then haue committed this misdeed so late.

2 Come to the Marshals with the murderer.

The Spanish tragedie.

1 On to *Hieronimos*, helpe me heere,
To bring the mured body with vs too.

Ped. Hieronimo, carry me before whom you will,
What ere he be ile answere him and you,
And doe your worst, for I defie you all.

Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo and Balbazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?

Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

Lor. Our greatest ils, we least mistrust my Lord,
And in expected harmes do hurt vs most.

Bal. Why tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our honour and your owne?

Lor. Nor you nor me my Lord, but both in one.

For I suspect, and the presumptions great,
That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*:

We are betraide to olde *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Betraide *Lorenzo*, tush it cannot be.

Lor. A guiltie conscience vrged with the thought,
Of former euils, easily cannot erre:

I am perswaded, and diswade me not,

That als reuealed to *Hieronimo*.

And therefore know that I haue cast it thus:

But heeres the Page, how now, what newes with thee?

Page. My Lord, *Serberine* is slaine.

Bal. Who? *Serberine* my man.

Page. Your Highnes man my Lord.

Lor. Speak *Page*, who murdered him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. *Pedringano*.

Bal. Is *Serberine* slaine that lou'd his Lord so well?

Iniurious villaine, murderer of his freend.

Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*?

My Lord, let me entreat you to take the paines,

To

The Spanish Tragedie.

To exasperate and hasten his reuenge.
With your complaints vnto my L. the King.
This their dissention breeds a greater doubt.

Bal. Assure thee *Don Lorenzo* he shall dye,
Or els his Highnes hardly shall deny,
Meane while, ile haste the Marshall Sessions,
For die he shall for this his damned deed.

Exit Bal.

Lor. Why so, this fits our former pollicie,
And thus experience bids the wise to deale.
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point,
I set the trap, he breakes the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limde.
Thus hopefull men that meane to holde their owne,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest freends.
He runnes to kill whome I haue holpe to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch.
Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,
Or any one in mine opinion,
When men themselucs their secrets will reueale.

Enter a messenger with a letter.

Lor. Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Whats he?

Mes. I haue a letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From *Pedringano* that's imprisoned.

Lor. So, he is in prison then?

Mes. I my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with vs?

He writes vs heere to stand good L. and help him in distres.
Tell him I haue his letters, know his minde,
And what we may let him assure him of.
Fellow, be gone: my boy shall follow thee.

Exit Mes.

This works like waxe, yet once more try thy wits,

F

Boy.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Boy, goe conuay this purlie to *Pedringano*,
Thou knowest the prison, closely giue it him:
And be aduise that none be there about.
Bid him be merry still, but secret:
And though the Marshall sessions be to day,
Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie.
Tell him his pardon is already signde,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolued:
For were he ready to be turned off,
As tis my will the vttermost be tride:
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still,
Shew him this boxe, tell him his pardons int,
But opent not, and if thou louest thy life:
But let him wisely keepe his hopes vnknowne,
He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.

Page. I goe my Lord, I runne.

Lor. But sirra, see that this be cleanly done.

Exit Page.

Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or neuer ends *Lorenzos* doubts.
One onely thing is vneffected yet,
And thats to see the Executioner,
But to what end? I list not trust the Aire
With vtterance of our pretence therein.
For feare the priuie whispring of the winde,
Conuay our words amongst vnfreendly cares,
That lye too open to aduantages.

Et quel que voglio It nessun le sa,

Intendo io quel mi bassara.

Exit.

Enter Boy with the Boxe.

My Maister hath forbidden me to looke in this box, and
by my troth tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not
haue had so much idle time: for wee mens-kinde in our mi-
noritie, are like women in their vncertaintie, that they are
most forbidden, they wil soone attempt: so I now. By my
bare honesty heeres nothing but the bare emptie box: were
it not

The Spanish tragedie.

it not sin against secrecie, I would say it were a peece of gentlemanlike knauery. I must goe to *Pedringano*, and tell him his pardon is in this boxe, nay, I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to thinke, how the villain wil flout the gallowes, scorne the audience, and descant on the hangman, and al presuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not be an odde iest, for me to stand and grace euery iest he makes, pointing my finger at this boxe: as who would say, mock on, heers thy warrant. Ist not a scuruiue iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death. Alas poore *Pedringano*, I am in a sorte sorie for thee, but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep. *Exit.*

Enter Hieronimo and the Deputie.

Hiero. Thus must we toyle in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedie our owne,
And doe them iustice, when vniustly we:
For all our wrongs can compasse no redresse.
But shall I neuer liue to see the day,
That I may come (by iustice of the heauens)
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toyles my body, this consumeth age,
That onely I to all men iust must be,
And neither Gods nor men be iust to me.

Dep. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your office askes,
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hiero. So ist my duety to regarde his death,
Who when he liued deserued my dearest blood:
But come, for that we came for lets begin,
For heere lyes that which bids me to be gone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a letter
in his hand, bound.*

Depu. Bring forth the Prisoner for the Court is set.

Ped. Gramercy boy, but it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord anew,
A neerer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten me:

The Spanish Tragedie.

But sith he hath remembred me so well,
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this geere.

Hiero. Stand forth thou monster, murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the world,
Confesse thy folly and repent thy fault,
For ther's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is short worke, well, to your Marshallship
First I confesse, nor feare I death therfore,
I am the man, twas I slew *Serberine*.
But sir, then you think this shalbe the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare?

Depu. I *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now I think not so.

Hiero. Peace impudent, for thou shalt finde it so.
For blood with blood, shall while I sit as iudge,
Be satisfied, and the law dischargde.
And though my selfe cannot receiue the like,
Yet will I see that others haue their right.
Dispatch, the faults approued and confest,
Hnd by our law he is condemn'd to die.

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready?

Ped. To doo what, my fine officious knaue?

Hang. To goe to this geere.

Ped. O sir, you are to forward, thou wouldst faine furnish
me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit.
So I should goe out of this geere my raiment, into that geere
the rope.

But Hangman, now I spy your knauery, ile not change with-
out boot, thats flat.

Hang. Come Sir.

Ped. So then I must vp.

Hang. No remedie.

Ped. Yes, but there shalbe for my comming downe.

Hang. Indeed heers a remedie for that.

Ped. How? be turn'd off.

Hang. I truely, come are you ready.

I pray sir dispatch, the day goes away.

Ped.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ped. What doe you hang by the howre, if you doo, I may chance to break your olde custome.

Hang. Faith you haue reason, for I am liketo break your yong neck.

Ped. Dost thou mock me hangman, pray God I be not preserued to break your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas sir, you are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope you will neuer grow so high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirra, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

Hang. What, he that points to it with his finger.

Ped. I that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Ped. Dooft thou think to liue till his olde doublet will make thee a new trusse?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeere after, to trusse vp many an honest man then either thou or he.

Ped. What hath he in his boxe as thou thinkst?

Hang. Faith I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly.

Me thinks you should rather hearken to your soules health.

Ped. Why sirra Hangman? I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the soule: and it may be, in that box is balme for both.

Hang. Wel, thou art euen the meriest peece of mans flesh that ere gronde at my office doore.

Ped. Is your roaguery become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they witnes that see you seale it with a theeues name.

Ped. I prethee request this good company to pray with me.

Hang. I mary sir, this is a good motion: my maisters, you see heers a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time, for now I haue no great need.

Hiero. I haue not seen a wretch so impudent,
O monstrous times where murders set so light,

The Spanish tragedie.

And where the soule that should be shrinde in heauen,
Solelie delights in interdicted things,
Still wandring in the thornie passages,
That intercepts it selfe of hapines.
Murder, O bloody monster, God forbid,
A fault so foule should scape vnpunished.
Dispatch and see this execution done,
This makes me to remember thee my sonne,

Exit. Hiero.

Ped. Nay soft, no hast.

Depu. Why, wherefore stay you, haue you hope of life?

Ped. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why Rascall by my pardon from the King.

Hang. stand you on that, then you shall off with this.

He turnes him off.

Depu. So Executioner, conuay him hence,
But let his body be vnburied.

Let not the earth be choked or infect.

With that which heauens contemnes and men neglect.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Where shall I run to breath abroad my woes,
My woes whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclames that haue surcharged the aire,
With ceasles plaints, for my deceased sonne?
The blustering winds conspiring with my words,
At my lament haue moued the leaueles trees,
Disroabde the medowes of their flowred Greene,
Made mountains marsh with spring tides of my teares,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell,
Yet still tormented is my tortured soule,
With broken sighes and restles passions,
That winged mount, and houering in the aire,
Beat at the windowes of the brightest heauens,
Solliciting for iustice and reuenge:
But they are plac't in those imperiall heights,

Where

The Spanish tragedie.

Where countermurde with walles of diamond,
I finde the place impregnable, and they
Resist my woes, and giue my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a Letter.

Hang. O Lord sir, God bleſſe you sir, the man sir *Petergade*,
Sir, he that was so full of merrie conceits.

Hiero. Wel, what of him?

Hang. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way, the fellow had
a faire commiſſion to the contrary. Sir, heere is his pas-
port, I pray you sir, we haue done him wrong.

Hiero. I warrant thee, giue it me.

Hang. you will stand between the gallowes and me.

Hiero. I, I.

Hang. I thank your L. worship.

Exit *Hangman*.

Hiero. And yet though somewhat neerer me concernes,
I will to ease the greefe that I sustaine,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

My Lord, I write as mine extreames requirde,
That you would labour my deliuerie:

If you neglect, my life is desperate,

And in my death I shall reueale the troth.

You know my Lord, I slew him for your sake,

And was confederate with the Prince and you,

Wonne by rewards and hopefull promises,

I holpe to murder Don Horatio too.

Holpe he to murder mine Horatio,

And actors in th'accursed Tragedie.

Wast thou Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,

Of whom my Sonne, my Sonne deseru'd so well,

What haue I heard, what haue mine eies behelde?

O sacred heauens, may it come to passe,

That such a monstrous and detested deed,

So closely smotherd, and so long conceald,

Shall thus by this be venged or reueald.

Now see I what I durst not then suspect,

That

The Spanish tragedie.

That *Bel-imperias* Letter was not fainde,
Nor fained she though falsly they haue wrongd,
Both her, my selfe, *Horatio*, and themselues.
Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
Of euerie accident, I neere could finde
Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue,
They did what heauen vnpunisht would not leaue.
O false *Lorenzo*, are these thy flattering lookes?
Is this the honour that thou didst my Sonne?
And *Balthazar* bane to thy soule and me,
Was this the ransome he reseru'd thee for?
Woe to the cause of these constrained warres,
Woe to thy basenes and captiuitie,
Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soule,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquerd selfe:
And band with bitter execrations be
The day and place where he did pittie thee.
But wherefore waste I mine vnfruitfull words?
When naught but blood will satisfie my woes:
I will goe plaine me to my Lord the King,
And cry aloud for iustice through the Court.
Wearing the flints with these my withered feet,
And either purchase iustice by intreats,
Or tire them all with my reuenging threats.

Exit.

Enter *Isabell* and her Maid.

Isa. So that you say this hearb will purge the eye
And this the head, ah but none of them wil purge the hart:
No, thers no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any phisick to recure the dead:

She runnes lunatick.

Horatio, O wheres *Horatio*.

Maide. Good Madam, affright not thus your selfe,
With outrage for your sonne *Horatio*.
He sleeps in quiet in the *Elizian* fields.

Isa. Why did I not giue you gownes and goodly things,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstake too:

To

The Span. sh. tragedie.

To be reuenged on their villanies.

Maid. Madame these humors doe torment my soule.

Isa. My soule, poore soule thou talkest of things
Thou knowst not what, my soule hath siluer wings,
That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens,
To heauen, I there sits my *Horatio*,
Backt with a troupe offieri Cherubins,
Dauncing about his newly healed wounds
Singing sweet hymnes and chaunting heavenly notes,
Rare hermony to greet his innocence,
That dyde, I dyde a mirrour in our daies.
But say, where shall I finde, the men, the murderers,
That slew *Horatio*, whether shall I runne,
To finde them out, that murdered my Sonne. *Exeunt.*

Bel-imperia at a window.

Bel. What meanes this outrage that is offred me?
Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?
No notice, shall I not know the cause,
Of this my secret and suspicious ils?
Accursed brother, vnkinde murderer.
Why bends thou thus thy minde to martir me?
Hieronimo. why writ I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slacke in thy reuenge?
Andrea, O *Andrea* that thou sawest,
Me for thy freend *Horatio* handled thus.
And him for me thus causeles murdered.
Wel, force perforce, I must constrain my selfe,
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till heauen as I haue hoped shall set me free.

Enter *Christophill.*

Chris. Come Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be.

Exeunt.

Enter *Lorenzo, Baltazar,* and the *Page.*

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre things goe well,
Thou art assurde that thou sawest him dead?

Page. Or els my Lord I liue not.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end,
Leaue that to him with whom he sojourns now.

Heere, take my ring, and giue it *Christophill*,

And bid him let my Sister be enlarg'd,

And bring her hither straight.

Exit Page.

This that I did was for a policie,

To smooth and keepe the murder secret,

Which as a nine daies wonder being ore-blowne,

My gentle Sister will Inow enlarge.

Bal. And time *Lorenzo*, for my Lord the Duke,

You heard enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why? and my Lord, I hope you heard me say,

Sufficient reason, why she kept away.

But that's all one, my Lord, you loue her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,

Salue all suspitions, onely sooth me vp,

And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs,

As for her sweet hart, and concealement so,

Iest with her gently, vnder fained iest

Are things concealde, that els would breed vnrest.

But heere she comes.

Enter Bel-imperia.

Lor. Now Sister.

Bel. Sister, no thou art no brother, but an enemy.

Els wouldst thou not haue vsd thy Sister so,

First, to affright me with thy weapons drawne,

And with extreames abuse my company:

And then to hurry me like whirlwinds rage,

Amidst a crew of thy confederates:

And clap me vp where none might come at me,

Nor I at any to reueale my wrongs.

What madding fury did possesse thy wits?

Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Aduise you better *Bel-imperia*,

For

The Spanish tragedie.

For I haue done you no disparagement:
Vnlesse by more discretion then deseru'd,
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour, why *Lorenzo*, wherein ist,
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any need to rescue it.

Lor. His highnes and my Father were resolu'd,
To come conferre with olde *Hieronimo*,
Concerning certaine matters of estate,
That by the Viceroy was determined.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour toucht in that?

Bal. Haue patience *Bel-imperia*, heare the rest.

Lor. Me next in sight as messenger they sent,
To giue him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came consorted with the Prince,
And vnexpected in an Arbour there,
Found *Bel-imperia* with *Horatio*.

Bel. How than?

Lor. Why then remembring that olde disgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had indurde,
And now were likely longer to sustaine,
By being found so meanelly accompanied:
Thought rather, for I knew no readier meane,
To thrust *Horatio* forth my fathers way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely some where els,
Least that his highnes should haue found you there.

Bel. Euen so my Lord, and you are witnesse,
That this is true which he entreateth of.
You (gentle brother) forged this for my sake,
And you my Lord, were made his instrument:
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.
But whats the cause that you concealde me since?

Lor. Your melancholly Sister since the newes,
Of your first fauourite *Don Andreas* death,
My Fathers olde wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better wast for you being in disgrace,
To absent your selfe and giue his fury place.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to adde more fewell to your fire.
Who burnt like *Aetna* for *Andreas* losse.

Bel. Hath not my Father then enquirede for me?

Lor. Sister he hath, and thus excusde I thee.

He whispereth in her eare.

But *Bel-imperia*, see the gentle prince,
Looke on thy loue, beholde yong *Balthazar*.
Whose passions by thy presence are increast,
And in whose melanchollie thou maiest see,
Thy hate, his loue: thy flight, his following thee.

Bel. Brother you are become an Oratour,
I know not I, by what experience,
Too pollicrick for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you, but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things,

Bal. Tis of thy beauty then that conquers Kings.
Of those thy tresses *Ariadnes* twines,
Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprisde.
Of that thine iuorie front my sorrowes map,
Wherein I see no hauen to rest my hope.

Bel. To loue, and feare, and both at once my Lord,
In my conceipt, are things of more import,
Then womens wits are to be busied with.

Bal. Tis I that loue.

Bel. Whome?

Bal. *Bel-imperia*.

Bel. But I that feare.

Bal. Whome?

Bel. *Bel-imperia*.

Lor. Feare your selfe?

Bel. I brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those, that what they loue, are loath, and feare to

Bal. Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be,

Bel. No, *Balthazar* doth feare as well as we.

Est tremulo metu pauidum iunxerit timorem,

(loose.

Et

The Spanish Tragedie.

Et vanum stolidæ proditiōis opus.

Exit.

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
Weele goe continue this discourse at Court,

Bal. Led by the loadstar of her heavenly lookes,
Wends poore oppressed *Baltazar*,
As ore the mountains walkes the wanderer,
Incertain to effect his Pilgrimage.

Exeunt.

Enter two Portingales, and *Hieronimo*
meets them.

1 By your leaue Sir.

Hiero. Good leaue haue you, nay, I pray you goe,
For ile leaue you, if you can leaue me so.

2 Pray you which is the next way to my L. the Dukes.

Hiero. The next way from me.

1 To his house we meane.

Hiero. O hard by, tis yon house that you see.

2 You could not tell vs, if his Sonne were there.

Hiero. Who, my Lord *Lorenzo*?

1 I Sir.

He goeth in at one doore and comes out at another.

Hiero. Oh forbear, for other talke for vs far fitter were.

But if you be importunate to know,

The way to him, and where to finde him out,

Then list to me, and Ile resolute your doubt,

There is a path vpon your left hand side,

That leadeth from a guiltie conscience,

Vnto a Forrest of distrust and feare.

A darke some place and dangerous to passe,

There shall you meet with melancholly thoughts,

Whose balefull humours if you but vpholde,

It will conduct you to dispaire and death:

Whose rockie cliffes, when you haue once behelde,

Within a hugie dale of lasting night,

That kind'ed with the worlds iniquities,

Doth cast vp filthy and detested fumes.

Not far from thence where murderers haue built,

The Spanish tragedie.

A habitation for their cursed soules:
There in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Joue*,
In his fell wrath vpon a sulphur flame:
Your selues shall finde *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling lead and blood of innocents.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

Hiero. Ha, ha, ha: why ha, ha, ha. Farewell good ha, ha, ha.

Exit.

2 Doubtles this man is passing lunaticke,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come, lets away to seek my Lord the Duke.

Enter *Hieronimo* with a Ponyard in one hand,
and a Rope in the other.

Hiero. Now Sir, perhaps I come and see the King,
The King sees me, and faine would heare my sute.
Why is not this a strange and seld seene thing.
That standers by with toyes should strike me mute.
Go too, I see their shifts, and say no more,
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge.
Downe by the dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a fire Tower, there sits a iudge,
Vpon a seat of Steele and molten brasse:
And twixt his teeth he holdes a fire-brand,
That leades vnto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away *Hieronimo* to him be gone:
Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatios* death.
Turne down this path thou shalt be with him strait,
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breth.
This way, or that way: soft and faire, not so:
For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatios* murther then?
No, no, fie no: pardon me, ile none of that:

He flings away the dagger & halter.

This way ile take, and this way comes the King,

He takes them vp againe.

And

The Spanish tragedie.

And heere Ile haue a sling at him thats flat.
And *Balthazar* ile be with thee to bring,
And thee *Lorenzo*, heeres the King, nay, stay,
And heere, I heere, there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Embassador, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour what our Viceroy saith,
Hath hee receiu'd the articles we sent?

Hiero. Iustice, O iustice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Back, seest thou not the King is busie?

Hiero. O, is he so.

King. Who is he that interrupts our busines?

Hiero. Not I, *Hieronimo* beware, goe by, goe by.

Embas. Renowned King he hath receiued and read,
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promist league,
And as a man extreameley ouer-joyd,
To heare his Sonne so Princely entertainde,
Whose death he had so solemnely bewailde.
This for thy further satisfaction,
And kingly loue, he kindly lets thee know:
First, for the marriage of his Princely Sonne,
With *Bel-imperia* thy beloued Neece,
The newes are more delightfull to his soule,
Then myrrh or incense to the offended heauens.
In person therefore will he come himselfe,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And in the presence of the Court of Spaine,
To knita sure inexecrable band,
Of Kingly loue, and euerlasting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale.
There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,
And make a Queene of *Bel-imperia*.

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-roies loue?

Cast. No doubt my Lord, it is an argument
Of honorable care to keepe his freend,
And wondrous zeale to *Balthazar* his sonne?
Nor am I least indebted to his grace,

That

The Spanish tragedie.

That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

Em. Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his highnes sent,
Although he send not that his Sonne returne,
His ranfome due to *Don Horatio*.

Hiero. *Horatio*, who calls *Horatio*?

King. And well remembred, thank his Maiestie.
Heere, see it giuen to *Horatio*.

Hiero. Iustice, O iustice, iustice, gentle King.

King. Who is that? *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. Iustice, O iustice, O my sonne, my sonne,
My Sonne whom naught can ranfome or redeeme.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well aduifde.

Hiero. Away *Lorenzo* hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse:
Giue me my sonne, you shall not ranfome him.
Away, ile rip the bowels of the earth,

He diggeth with his dagger.

And Ferrie ouer to th'Elizian plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, ile make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And heere surrender vp my Marshallship:
For Ile goe marshall vp the feends in hell,
To be auenged on you all for this.

King. What meanes this outrage? will none of you re-
straine his fury?

Hiero. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to strue,
Needs must he goe that the diuels drue.

Exit.

King. What accident hath hapt *Hieronimo*?
I haue not seene him to demeane him so.

Lor. My gracious Lord, he is with extreame pride,
Conceiued of yong *Horatio* his Sonne,
And couetous of hauing to himselfe,
The ranfome of the yong Prince *Balibazar*.
Distract and in a manner lunatick.

King. Beleeue me Nephew we are sorie fort,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their sonnes:

But

The Span. sh. tragedie.

But gentle brother, goe giue to him this golde,
The Princes raunsome; let him haue his due,
For what he hath *Horacio* shall not want,
Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus helplesly distract,
Tis requisite his office be resignde,
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall encrease his melanchollie so,
Tis best that we see further in it first:
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place.
And Brother, now bring in the Embassador,
That he may be a witnes of the match,
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,
Wherein the marriage shalbe solemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.

Em. Therein your highnes highly shall content,
His Maiestie, that longs to heare from hence.

King. On then, and heare you Lord Embassadour.

Exeunt.

Enter *Hieronimo* with a book in his hand.

Vindicta mihi.

I, heauen will be reuenged of euey ill,
Nor will they suffer murder vnrepaid:
Then stay *Hieronimo*, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoint their time.

Per scelus semper tantum est sceleribus iter.

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee,
For euils vnto ils conductors be.
And death's the worst of resolution.

For he that thinks with patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

Fata si miseros inuuant habes salutem:

Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.

If destinie thy miseries doe ease,
Then hast thou health, and happie shalt thou be:

But

H

If

The Spanish Tragedie.

If destinie denieth the life *Hieronimo*,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a tombe:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall,
And to conclude, I will reuenge his death,
But how? not as the vulgare wits of men,
With open, but in euitable ill:
As by a secret, yet a certain meane,
Which vnder kindnesship wil be cloked best.
Wise men will take their oportunitie,
Closely and safely fitting things to time:
But in extreames aduantage hath no time:
And therefore all times fit not for reuenge:
Thus therefore will I rest me in vnrest,
Dissembling quiet in vnquietnes,
Not seeming that I know their villanies:
That my simplicitie may make them think,
That ignorantly I will detall slip:
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum iners est.

Nor ought auailles it me to menace them,
Who as a wintrie storie vpon a plaine,
Will beare me downe with their nobilitie.
No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou must enioyne
Thine eies to obseruation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches, then thy spirit affords,
Thy hart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy Cappe to cutte offe, and thy knee to bow,
Till to reuenge thou know, when, where, and how.
How now, what noise, what coile is that you keepe?

A noise within.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate and it shall please you sir,
That you should plead their cases to the King.

Hiero. That I should plead their seuerall actions,
Why let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter

The Spanish tragedie.

Enter three Cittizens and an olde Man.

1 So I tell you this for learning and for law,
Theres not any aduocate in Spaine,
That can preuaile, or will take half the paine,
That he will in pursuite of equitie.

Hiero. Come neere you men that thus importune me,
Now must I beare a face of grauitie,
For thus I vsde before my Marishalship,
To pleade in causes as Corrigedor.
Come on sirs, whats the matter?

2 Sir an Action.

Hiero. Of Batterie?

1 Mine of debt.

Hiero. Giue place.

2 No sir, mine is an action of the case.

3 Mine an Eiectione firma by a Lease.

Hiero. Content you sirs, are you determined,
That I should plead your seuerall actions?

1 I sir, and heeres my declaration,

2 And heere is my band.

3 And heere is my lease.

They giue him paper.

Hiero. But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournfull eyes and hands to heauen vprearde?
Come hether father, let me know thy cause.

Senex. O worthy sir, my cause but slightly knowne,
May moue the harts of warlike Myrmydons,
And melt the Gorficke rockes with ruthfull teares.

Hiero. Say Father, tell me whats thy sute?

Senex. No sir, could my woes
Giue way vnto my most distresfull words,
Then should I not in paper as you see,
Withincke bewray, what blood began in me.

Hiero. Whats heere? the humble supplication
Of *Don Bazulto* for his murdered sonne.

Senex. I Sir.

Hiero. No sir, it was my murdered sonne, oh my sonne.

The Spanish Tragedie.

My sonne, oh my sonne *Horatio*.

But mine, or thine, *Bazulto* be content,

Heere, take my hand-kercher and wipe thine eies,

Whiles wretched I, in thy mishaps may see,

The liuely portraict of my dying selfe,

He draweth out a bloudie Napkin.

O no, not this, *Horatio* this was thine,

And when I dyde it in thy deereſt blood,

This was a token twixt thy ſoule and me,

That of thy death reuenged I ſhould be.

But heere, take this, and this, what my purſe?

I this and that, and all of them are thine,

For all as one are our extremeties.

1 Oh, ſee the kindenes of *Hieronimo*.

2 This gentlenes ſhewes him a Gentleman.

Hiero. See, ſee, oh ſee thy ſhame *Hieronimo*,

See heere a louing Father to his ſonne:

Beholde the ſorrowes and the ſad lamentes,

That he deliuereth for his ſonnes diſeaſe.

If loues effects ſo ſtrives in leſſer things,

If loue enforce ſuch moodes in meaner wits,

If loue expreſſe ſuch power in poore eſtates:

Hieronimo, When as a raging Sea,

Toſt with the winde and tide ore turneſt then

The vpper billowes courſe of waues to keep,

Whileſt leſſer waters labour in the deepe.

Then ſhaameſt thou not *Hieronimo* to neglect,

The ſweet reuenge of thy *Horatio*.

Though on this earth iuſtice will not be found:

Ile downe to hell and in this paſſion,

Knock at the diſmall gates of *Plutos* Court,

Getting by force as once *Alcides* did,

A troupe of furies and tormenting haggas,

To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the reſt.

Yet leaſt the triple headed porter ſhould,

Deny my paſſage to the ſlimy ſtrond:

The *Thracian* Poet thou ſhalt counterſeite:

Come

The Spanish Tragedie.

Come on olde Father be my *Orpheus*,
And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then sound the burden of thy sore harts greefe,
Till we do gaine that *Proserpine* may graunt,
Reuenge on them that muredred my Sonne,
Then will I rent and teare them thus and thus,
Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth.

Teare the Papers,

1 Oh sir my Declaration.

Exit *Hieronimo* and they after.

2 Saue my bond.

Enter *Hieronimo*.

2 Saue my bond.

3 Alas my lease, it cost me ten pound,

And you my Lord haue torne the same.

Hiero. That can not be, I gaue it neuer a wound,
Shew me one drop of bloud fall from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then,
T'ish no, run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the olde man.

Bazulto remaines till *Hieronimo* enters againe, who
staring him in the face speakes.

Hiero. And art thou come *Horatio* from the depth,
To aske for iustice in this vpper earth?
To tell thy Father thou art vnreueng'd,
To wring more teares from *Isabellas* eies?
Whose lights are dimd with ouer-long laments.
Goe back my sonne, complain to *Eacus*,
For heeres no iustice, gentle boy be gone.
For iustice is exiled from the earth:

Hieronimo will beare thee company:

Thy mother cries on righteous *Radamant*,
For iust reuenge against the murderers.

Senex. Alas my L. whence springs this troubled speech?

Hiero. But let me looke on my *Horatio*:

Sweet boy how art thou chang'd in deaths black shade?

The Spanish tragedie.

Had *Proserpine* no pittie on thy youth?
But suffered thy fair crimson colourd spring,
With withered winter to be blasted thus?

Horatio, thou art older then thy Father:

Ah ruthlesse Father, that fauour thus transformess

Ba. Ah my good Lord, I am not your yong Sonne.

Hic. What, not my Sonne, thou then, a furie art,
Sent from the emptie Kingdome of blacke night,
To summon me to make appearance:

Before grim *Mynos* and iust *Radamant*.

To plague *Hieronimo* that is remisse,

And seekes not vengeance for *Horatioes* death.

Ba. I am a greeued man and not a Ghost,
That came for iustice for my murdered Sonne.

Hic. I, now I know thee, now thou namest my Sonne,
Thou art the liuely image of my griefe,
Within thy face, my sorrowes I may see.

Thy eyes are gum'd with teares, thy cheekes are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttring lips
Murmure sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windie sighes thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy Sonne:

And selfe same sorrow feele I for my Sonne.

Come in old man, thou shalt to *Isabell*,

Leane on my arme, I thee, thou me shalt stay,

And thou, and I, and she will sing a song:

Threeparts in one, but all of discords fram'd,

Talke not of cords, but let vs now be gone,

For with a cord *Horatio* was slaine.

Exeunt.

Enter *King of Spaine*, the *Duke*, *Vice-roy*, and *Lorenzo*,
Balthazar, *Don Pedro*, and *Belimperia*.

King. Go Brother it is the *Duke of Castiles* cause, salute the
Vice-roy in our name.

Castile. I go.

Vice. Go forth *Don Pedro* for thy Nephews sake,
And greet the *Duke of Castile*.

Pedro. It shall be so.

King.

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. And now to meet these Portuguise,
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.
Welcome braue Vice-roy to the Court of Spaine;
And welcome all his honorable traine:
Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue so kingly crost the Seas:
Suffiseth it in this we note the troth,
And more then common loue you lend to vs.
So is it that mine honorable Neece,
For it be seemes vs now that it be knowne,
Already is betroth'd to *Baltazar*:
And by appointment and our condiscant,
To morrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace:
Speak men of Portingale, shall it be so?
If I, say so: if not, say flatly no.

Vice. Renowned King, I come not as thou thinkest,
With doubtfull followers, vnresolved men,
But such as haue vpon thine articles,
Confirmed thy motion and contented me.
Know soueraigne, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloued Neece,
Faire *Bel-imperia* with my *Baltazar*.
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see,
Heere take my Crowne, I giue it her and thee,
And let me liue a solitarie life,
In ceaselesse praiers,
To think how strangely heauen hath thee preserved.

King. See brother, see, how nature strues in him,
Come worthy Vice-roy and accompany
Thy freend, with thine extremities:
A place more priuate fits this princely mood.

Vice. Or heere or where your highnes thinks it good.

Exeunt all but Casp and Dor.

Cas. Nay stay *Lo: enzo*, let me talke with you,

King.

Seest

The Spanish tragedy.

Seest thou this entertainement of these Kings?

Lor. I doe my Lord, and ioy to see the same.

Cas. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her my Lord, whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme their promised marriage.

Cas. She is thy Sister?

Lor. Who *Bel-imprria*, I my gracious Lord,
And this is the day, that I haue longd so happily to see.

Cas. Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happines.

Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much,

Cas. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my words:
It is suspected and reported too,
That thou *Lorenzo* wrongst *Hieronimo*,
And in his sutes towards his Maiestie,
Still keepst him back, and seeks to crosse his sute.

Lor. That I my Lord?

Cas. I tell thee Sonne my selfe haue heard it said,
When to my sorrow I haue beene ashamed
To answere for thee, though thou art my sonne,
Lorenzo, knowest thou not the common loue,
And kindenes that *Hieronimo* hath wone,
By his deserts within the Court of Spaine?
Or seest thou not the K. my brothers care,
In his behalfe, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And hee exclaime against thee to the King,
What honour wert in this assembly,
Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,
To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee.
Tell me, and looke thou tell me truely too,
Whence growes the ground of this report in Court.

Lor. My L. it lyes not in *Lorenzo*s power,
To stop the vulgar liberall of their tongues:
A small aduanitage makes a water breach,
And no man liues that long contentethall.

Cas. My selfe haue seene thee busie to keep back,

Him

The Spanish tragedie.

Him and his supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe my L. hath seene his passions,
That ill beseemde the presence of a King,
And for I pittied him in his distresse,
I helde him thence with kinde and curteous words,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my soule my Lord.

Cas. *Hieronimo* my sonne, mistakes thee then,

Lor. My gracious Father, belecue me so he doth,
But whats a silly man distract in minde.

To think vpon the murder of his sonne:

Alas. how easie is it for him to erre?

But for his satisfaction and the worlds,

Twere good my L. that *Hieronimo* and I,

Were reconcilde, if he misconster me.

Cas. *Lorenzo* thou hast said, it shalbe so,
Goe one of you and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter *Balthazar* and *Bal-imperia*.

Bal. Come *Bel-imperie*, *Balthazar*s content,
My sorrowes ease and soueraigne of my blisse,
Sith heauen hath ordainde thee to be mine:
Disperce those cloudes and melanchollie lookes,
And cleere them vp with those thy Sunne bright eies,
Wherein my hope and heauens faite beautie lies.

Bel. My lookes my Lord, are fitting for my loue,
Which new begun, can shew brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning Sun,

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done.
I see my Lord my Father.

Bal. Truce my loue, I will goe salute him.

Cas. Welcome *Balthazar*, welcome braue Prince,
The pledge of Castiles peace:

And welcome *Bel-imperia*, how now girle?

Why comdest thou sadly to salute vs thus?

Content thy selfe for I am satisfied,

It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd,

Him

I

We

The Spanish Tragedie.

We haue forgotten and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a happier loue,
But *Balthazar* heere comes *Hieronimo*.
Ile haue a word with him.

Enter *Hieronimo* and a Seruant.

Hiero. And wheres the Duke?

• *Ser.* yonder.

Hiero. Euen so: what new deuice haue they deuised tro?
Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,
Ist I will be reueng'd? no; I am not the man.

Cas. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. My Lords I thank you for *Horatio*.

Cas. *Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.

Hiero. What, so short?

Then ile be gone, I thank you fort:

Cas. Nay, stay *Hieronimo*, goe call him sonne.

Hieronimo, my father craues a word with you.

Hiero. With me sir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had. (Sonne,

Cas. *Hieronimo*, I hear you finde your selfe agreed at my
Because you haue not accesse vnto the King,
And say tis he that intercepts your futes.

Hiero. Why, is not this a miserable thing my Lord?

Cas. *Hieronimo*, I hope you haue no caule,
And would be loth that one of your deserts,
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne,
Considering how I think of you my selfe.

Hiero. Your sonne *Lorenzo*, whome, my noble Lord?
The hope of Spaine, mine honourable freend?
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his sword.

Ile meet him face to face to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reports of such,

As

The Spanish tragedie.

As loues not me, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would preuent,
Or crosse my sute, that loued my Sonne so well.
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, I neuer gaue you cause.

Hero. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Cas. There then pause, and for the satisfaction of the
Hieronimo frequent my homely house, (world,

The Duke of Castile *Ciprians* ancient seat,
And when thou wilt, vse me, my sonne, and it:
But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect freends.

Hiero. I marry my Lord, and shall:
Freends (quoth he) see, Ile be freends with you all.
Specially with you my louely Lord,
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,
That we be freends, the world is suspicious,
And men may think what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is freendly doone *Hieronimo*.

Lor. And that I hope olde grudges are forgot.

Hiero. What els, it were a shame it should not be so.

Cas. Come on *Hieronimo* at my request,
Let vs entreat your company to day.

Exeunt.

Hiero. Yor Lordships to commaund,
Pha: keep your way.

Mi. Chi mi fa? Pui *Correzza* Che non sùle
Tradito uia o trade uile.

Exit.

Enter Ghost and Reuenge.

Ghost.

Awake *Erietha*, *Cerberus* awake,
Sollicite *Pluto* gentle *Proserpine*,
To combat *Achion* and *Ericus* in hell.
For neere by *Stix* and *Phlegeton*:
Nor ferried *Caron* to the fierie lakes,
Such fearfull sights, as poore *Andrea* see?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Reuenge awake.

Reuenge.

Awake, for why?

Ghost.

Awake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduise,
Thou sleepest away, what, thou art warn'd to watch.

Reuenge.

Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble me.

Ghost.

Awake *Reuenge*, if loue as loue hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuailance in hell,
Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioynde in league,
And intercepts our passage to reuenge:
Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe degone.

Reuenge.

Thus worldlings ground what they haue dream'd vpon,
Content thy selfe *Andrea*, though I sleepe,
Yet is my mood soliciting their soules,
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*,
Cannot forget his sonne *Horatio*.
Nor dies *Reuenge* although he sleepe a while,
For in vnquiet, quietnes is faine:
And slumbring is a common worldly wile,
Beholde *Andrea* for an instance how,
Reuenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to destinie.

Enter a dumme shew.

Ghost.

Awake *Reuenge*, reueale this misterie.

Reuenge.

The two first the nuptiall Torches boare,
As brightly burning as the mid-daies sunne:
But after them doth *Himen* hie as fast,
Clothed in sable, and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quencheth them with blood,

As

The Spanish Tragedie.

As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost.

Sufficeth me thy meanings vnderstood,
And thanks to thee and those infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a Louers woe,
Rest thee for I will sit to see the rest.

Reuenge.

Then argue not for thou hast thy request.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.

Bel-imperia.

IS this the loue thou bearest *Horatio*?

Is this the kindnes that thou counterfeits,
Are these the fruits of thine incessant teares?

Hieronimo, are these thy passions?

Thy protestations, and thy deepe laments,
That thou wert wont to wearie men withall.

O vnkind Father, O deceitfull world,
With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe?

With what dishonour, and the hate of men,
From this dishonour and the hate of men:

Thus to neglect the losse and life of him,
Whom both my letters, and thine owne beliefe,
Assures thee to be causles slaughtered.

Hieronimo, for shame *Hieronimo*:

Be not a History to after times,
Of such ingratitude vnto thy Sonne.

Vnhappy Mothers of such children then,
But monstrous Fathers, to forget so soone
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Haue tendred so, thus careles should be lost.

My selfe a stranger in respect of thee,
So loued his life, as still I wish their deathes,

Nor

The Spanish tragedie.

Nor shall his death be vnreuengd by me.
Although I beare it out for fashions sake:
For heere I sweare in sight of heauen and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldst retaine,
And giue it ouer and deuise no more,
My selfe should send their hatefull soules to hel,
That wrought his downfall with extreamest death.

Hie. But may it be that *Bel-imperia*
Vowes such reuenge as she hath daind to say:
Why then I see that heauen applies our drift,
And all the Saints doe sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers
Madame tis true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how *Horatio* died.
Pardon, O pardon *Bel-imperia*,
My feare and care in not beleeuing it,
Nor thinke, I thoughtles thinke vpon a meane,
To let his death be vnreveng'd at full,
And heere I vow, so you but giue consent,
And will conceale my resolution,
I will ere long determine of their deathes,
That causes thus haue murderd my Sonne.

Bel. *Hieronimo*, I will consent, conceale,
And ought that may effect for thine auile,
Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatioes* death.

Hier. On then, whatsoeuer I deuise,
Let me entreat you grace my practises.
For why, the plots already in mine head,
Heere they are.

Enter *Balthazar* and *Lorenzo*.

Bal How now *Hieronimo*, what courting *Bel-imperia*.

Hiero. I my Lord, such courting as I promise you
She hath my hart, but you my Lord haue hers. (helpe.)

Lor. But now *Hieronimo* or neuer we are to intreate you
Hie. My help, why my good Lords assure your selues of me,

The Spanish tragedie.

For you haue giuen me cause, I by my faith haue you.

Bal. It please you at the entertainment of the Embassa-
To grace the King so much as with a shew, (dour,
Now were your studie so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first nights sport,
To entertaine my Father with the like:
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well.

Hiero. Is this all?

Bal. I, this is all.

Hiero. Why then ile fit you, say no more.
When I was yong I gaue my minde,
And plide my selfe to fruitles poetrie:
Which though it profite the professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

Lor. And how for that?

Hiero. Marrie my good Lord thus.
And yet me thinks you are too quick with vs.
When in Tolledo there I studied,
It was my chaunce to write a tragedie,
See heere my Lords. He shewes them a book.
Which long forgot, I found this other day,
Now would your Lordships fauour me so much,
As but to grace me with your acting it,
I meane each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will proue most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

Bal. What would you haue vs play a Tragedie?

Hiero. Why *Nero* thought it no disparagement,
And Kings and Emperours haue tane delight,
To make experience of their wits in plaies?

Lor. Nay be not angry good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked a question.

Bal. In faith *Hieronimo* and you be in earnest,
Ile make one.

Lor. And I another.

Hiero. Now my good Lord, could you intrear,

Your

The Spanish tragedie.

Your Sister *Bel-imperia* to make one,
For whats a play without a woman in it?

Bel. Little intreaty shall serue me *Hieronimo*,
For I must needs be employed in your play.

Hiero. Why this is well, I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue beene acted,
By Gentlemen and schollers too,
Such as could tell what to speak.

Bal. And now it shall be plaide by Princes and Courtiers
such as can tell how to speak :
If as it is our Country manner,
You will but let vs know the argument.

Hiero. That shall I roundly : the Cronicles of Spaine
Reorde this written of a Knight of Rodes,
He was betrothed and wedded at the length,
To one *Perfeda* an Italian dame.
Whose beauty rauished all that her behelde,
Especially the soule of *Soliman*,
Who at the marriage way the cheefest guest.
By sundry meanes sought *Soliman* to winne,
Perfeda loue, and could not gaine the same.
Then gan he break his passions to a freend,
One of his Bashawes whom he held full deere,
Her had this Bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,
But by her husbands death this Knight of Rodes,
Whome presently by trecherie he slew,
She stirde with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew *Soliman*.

And to escape the Bashawes tirannie,
Did stab her selfe, and this the Tragedie.

Lor. O excellent.

Bel. But say *Hieronimo* what then became of him
That was the Bashaw?

Hiero. Marrie thus, moued with remorse of his misdeeds
Ran to a mountain top and hung himselfe.

Bal. But which of vs is to performe that parte,

The Spanish tragedie.

Hiero. O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it,
Ile play the murderer I warrant you,
For I already haue conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I.

Hiero. Great *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I.

Hiero. *Erastus* the Knight of Rhodes,

Bel. And I.

Hiero. *Perfeda*, chaste and resolute.

And heere my Lords are seuerall abstracts drawne,
For eache of you to note your partes,
And act it as occasion's offred you.
You must prouide a turkish cappe,
A black mustacio and a fauchion.

Giues a paper to *Bal.*

You with a crosse like to a Knight of Rhodes.

Giues another to *Lor.*

And Madame, you must attire your selfe,

He giueth *Bel.* another.

Like *Phæbe*, *Flora*, or the huntresse,
Which to your discretion shall seeme best.

And as for me my Lords Ile looke to one,
And with the raunsome that the Vice-roy sent,
So furnish and performe this tragedie,
As all the world shall say *Hieronimo*,
Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. *Hieronimo*, me thinks a Comedie were better.

Hiero. A Comedie, fie, comedies are fit for common wits
But to present a Kingly troupe withall,
Giue me a stately written Tragedie.
Tragedia cothor nato, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My Lords, all this must be perfourmed,
As fitting for the first nights reuelling.
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wir,
That in one houres meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like
In *Paris*, amongst the French Tragedians.

Hiero. In *Paris*, mas and well remembered,
Theres one thing more that rests for vs to doo.

Bal. Whats that *Hieronimo* forget not any thing.

Hiero. Each one of vs must act his parte,
In vnknown languages,

That it may breede the more varietie.

As you my Lord in Latin, I in Greeke,

You in Italian, and for because I know,

That *Bel-imperia* hath practised the French,

In courtly French shall all her praises be.

Bel. You meane to trye my cunning then *Hieronimo*.

Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be vnderstoode.

Hiero. It must be so, for the conclusion
Shall proue the inuention, and all was good:

And I my selfe in an Oration,

That I will haue there behinde a curtaine,

And with a strange and wondrous shew besides:

Affure your selfe shall make the matter knowne.

And all shalbe concluded in one Scene,

For theres no pleasure tane in tediousnes.

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus my Lord we must resolute,
To soothe his humors vp.

Bal. On then *Hieronimo*, farewell till soone.

Hiero. Youle plie this geere.

Lor. I warrant you.

Exeunt all but Hiero.

Hiero. Why so, now shall I see the fall of Babilon,
Wrought by the heauens in this confusion.

And if the world like not this tragedie,

Hard is the hap of olde *Hieronimo*.

Exit.

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither pietie nor pittie moues

The

The Spanish tragedie.

The King to iustice or compassion:
I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloued Sonne.

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with these branches and these loathsome bowes,
Of this vnfortunate and fatall pine.
Downe with them *Isabella*, rent them vp,
And burne the roots from whence the rest is sprung:
I will not leaue a root, a stalke, a tree,
A bowe, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearb within this garden Plot.
Accursed complot of my miserie,
Fruitleffe for euer may this garden be.
Barren the earth, and blisseffe whosoever,
Immagines not to keep it vnmanurde:
An Easterne winde comixt with noisome aires,
Shall blast the plants and the yong saplings,
The earth with Serpents shalbe pestered,
And passengers for feare to be infect,
Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell
There mured did the sonne of *Isabell*.
I heere he dide, and heere I him imbrace,
See where his Ghoast solicates with his wounds,
Reuenge on her that should reuenge his death,
Hieronimo make haste to see thy sonne,
For sorrow and dispaire hath scited me,
To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant*,
Make haste, *Hieronimo* to holde excuse.
Thy negligence in pursute of their deaths,
Whose hatefull wrath bereu'd him of his breath,
Ah nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble sonne,
And none but I bestirre me to no end,
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake,
And with this weapon will I wound the brest,
The haples brest that gaue *Horatio* suck.

She stabs
her selfe.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Hieronimo, he knocks vp the curtaine.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cas. How now **Hieronimo** wheres your fellows,
That you take all this paine?

Hiero. O sir, it is for the Authors credit,
To look that all things may goe well:
But good my Lord let me intreat your grace,
To giue the King the coppie of the plaie:
This is the argument of what we shew.

Cas. I will **Hieronimo**.

Hiero. One thing more my good Lord.

Cas. Whats that?

Hiero. Let me intreat your grace,
That when the traine are past into the gallerie,
You would vouchsafe to throwe me downe the key.

Cas. I will **Hieronimo**.

Exit Cas.

Hiero. What are you ready **Balthazar**?
Bring a chaire and a cushion for the King.

Enter Balthazar with a Chaire.

Well doon **Balthazar**, hang vp the title:
Our scene is Rhodes, what is your beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hiero. Dispatch for shame, are you so long?

Exit Balthazar.

Bethink thy selfe **Hieronimo**,
Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs,
Thou hast receiued by murder of thy sonne,
And lastly, not least, how *Isabell*,
Once his mother and thy deereft wife:
All woe begone for him hath slaine her selfe.
Behoues thee then **Hieronimo** to be reueng'd,
The plot is laide of dire reuenge,
On then **Hieronimo** pursue reuenge,
For nothing wants but acting of reuenge.

Exit Hieronimo.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

*Enter Spanish King, Vice-roy, the Duke of Castile,
and their traine.*

King. Now Viceroy, shall we see the Tragedie,
Of *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour:
Performde of pleasure by your Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece.

Vice. Who, *Bel-imperia*?

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marshall.

At whose request they deine to doo't themselves.
These be our pastimes in the Court of Spaine.

Heere brother, you shall be the booke-keeper.

This is the argument of that they shew.

He giueth him a booke.

Gentlemen, this play of *Hieronimo* in sundrie Languages, was
thought good to be set downe in English more largely,
for the easier understanding to euery
publique Reader.

Enter Balhazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo.

Balhazar.

B *As*hew, that Rhodes is ours, yeeld heauens the honor,
And holy *Mahomet* our sacred Prophet:
And be thou grac't with euery exceience,
That *Soliman* can giue, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is lesse,
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nymph
Perfeda, blisfull lamp of Excellence:
Whose eies compell like powerfull *Adamant*,
The warlike heart of *Soliman* to wait.

King. See *Vice-Roy*, that is *Balhazar* your Sonne,
That represents the Emperour *Solyman*:
How well he acts his amorous passion.

Vice. I *Bel-imperia* hath taught him that.

Castile. That's because his mind runnes all on *Bel-imperia*

The Spanish tragedie.

Hiero. What euer ioy earth yeelds betide your Meiestie.

Balt. Earth yeelds no ioy without *Perfedaes* loue.

Hiero. Let then *Perfeda* on your grace attend.

Balt. She shall not wait on me, but I on her,
Drawne by the influence of her lights, I yeeld.
But let my friend the Rhodian knight come forth,
Erasto, dearer then my life to me,
That he may see *Perfeda* my beloued.

Enter Erasto.

King. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, looke vpon the plot,
And tel me brother what part plaies he?

Bel. Ah my *Erasto*, welcome to *Perfeda*.

Lo. Thrice happie is *Erasto*, that thou liuest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to *Erastos* ioy:
Sith his *Perfeda* liues, his life suruiues.

Balt. Ah *Bashaw*, heere is loue betweene *Erasto*
And faire *Perfeda* soueraigne of my soule.

Hiero. Remooue *Erasto* mighty *Solyman*,
And then *Perfeda* will be quickly wonne.

Balt. *Erasto* is my friend, and while he liues,
Perfeda neuer will remooue her loue.

Hiero. Let not *Erasto* liue, to greeue great *Soliman*.

Balt. Deare is *Erasto* in our Princely eye.

Hiero. But if he be your riual, let him die.

Balt. V Why let him die, so loue commaundeth me.
Yet greeue I that *Erasto* should so die.

Hiero. *Erasto*, *Solyman* saluteth thee,
And lets thee wat by me his highnes will:

V Which is, thou shouldst be thus imploid. *Stab him,*

Bel. Ay me *Erasto*, see *Solyman Erastos* slaine.

Balt. Yet liueth *Solyman* to comfort thee.
Faie Queene of beautie, let not fauour die,
But with a gracious eye beholde his grieve,
That with *Perfedaes* beautie is encreast.

If by *Perfedaes* grieve be not releast.

Bel. Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine futes,

Relentles

The Spanish tragedie.

Relentles are mine eares to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pittilesse and base,
VVhich seazd on my *Erasto*, harmelesse knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund,
And to thy power *Perseda* doth obey:
But were she able, thus she would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince: *Stab him.*
And on herselfe she would be thus reuengd *Stab herselfe.*

King. VVell said olde Marshall, this was brauely done.

Hiero. But *Bel-imperia* plaies *Perseda* well.

Vice. were this in earnest *Bel-imperia*,

You would be better to my Sonne then so.

King. But now what followes for *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. Marrie this followes for *Hieronimo*.

Heere breake we off our sundrie languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgare tung.
Happely you think, but bootles are your thoughts,
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we doo as all Tragedians doo.
To die to day, for (fashioning our scene)
The death of *Ajax*, or some Romaine peere,
And in a minute starting vp againe,
Reuiue to please to morrowes audience.
No Princes, know I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopeles Father of a haples Sonne,
Whose tung is tun'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse grosse errors in the play,
I see your lookes vrge instance of these words,
Beholde the reason vrging me to this,

Shewes his dead sonne.

See heere my shew, look on this spectacle:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end:
Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was flaine:
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:
Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft.
But hope, hart, treasure, ioy, and blisse:
All fled, faild, died, yea all decaide with this.

From

The Spanish tragedie.

From forth these wounds came breath that gaue me life,
They mured me that made these fatall markes:
The cause was loue, whence grew this mortall hate,
The hate, *Lorenzo* and yong *Balthazar*:
The loue, my sonne to *Bel-imperia*.
But night the couerer of accursed crimes,
With pitchie silence husht these traitors harmes,
And lent them leaue, for they had sorted leasure,
To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
Vpon my Sonne, my deere *Horatio*:
There mercilesse they butcherd vp my boy,
In black darke night, to pale dim cruell death.
He shrikes, I heard, and yet me thinks I heare,
His dismall out-cry eccho in the aire:
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
Where hanging on a tree, I found my sonne.
Through girt with wounds, and slaughtred as you see,
And greeued I (think you) at this spectacle?
Speak *Portuguise*, whose losse resembles mine,
If thou canst weep vpon thy *Balthazar*,
Tis like I wailde for my *Horatio*.
And you my *L.* whose reconciled sonne,
Marcht in a net, and thought him selfe vnseene,
And rated me for brain sicke lunacie,
With God amend that mad *Hieronimo*,
How can you brook our plaies catastrophe?
And heere beholde this bloudie hand-kercher,
Which at *Horatios* death I weeping dipt,
Within the riuer of his bleeding wounds.
It as propitious, see I haue reserued,
And neuer hath it left my bloody hart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow.
With these, O these accursed murderers,
Which now perform'd, my hart is satisfied.
And to this end the Bashaw I became,
That might reuenge me on *Lorenzos* life,
Who therefore was appointed to, the part,

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The Spanish Tragedie.

And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,

That I might kill him more conveniently.

So Vice-roy was this *Balthazar* thy Sonne,

That *Soliman*, which *Bel-imperia*,

In person of *Perfeda* murdered:

Solie appointed to that tragicke part,

That she might slay him that offended her.

Poore *Bel-imperia* mist her part in this,

For though the story saith she should haue died,

Yet I of kindenes, and of care to her,

Did otherwise determine of her end.

But loue of him whom they did hate too much,

Did vrge her resolution to be such.

And Princes now beholde *Hieronimo*,

Author and actor in this Tragedie:

Bearing his latest fortune in his fist:

And will as resolute conclude his parte,

As any of the Actors gone before.

And Gentles, thus I end my play,

Vrge no more words, I haue no more to say.

He runsto hang himselfe.

King. O hearken Vice-roy, holde *Hieronimo*,

Brother, my Nephew, and thy Sonne are slaine.

Vice. We are betraide, my *Balthazar* is slaine,

Breake ope the doores, runne saue *Hieronimo*.

Hieronimo, doe but enforme the King of these euents,

Ypon mine honour thou shalt haue no harme.

Hiero. Vice-roy, I will not trust thee with my life,

Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne: (to die)

Accursed wretch, why staieft thou him that was resolu'd

King. Speak traitor, damned, bloody murderer speak,

For now I haue thee I will make thee speak:

Why hast thou done this vnderferuing deed?

Vico. Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?

Caf. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

Hiero. O good words, as deare to me was my *Horatio*,

As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you.

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My

The Spanish Tragedie.

My guiltles Sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine,
And by *Lorenzo* and that *Balthazar*,
Am I at last reuenged thorowly.
Vpon whose soules may heauens beyetauenged,
With greater far then these afflictions.

Cas. But who were thy confederates in this?

Vice. That was thy daughter *Bel-imperia*.
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine
I saw her stab him.

King. Why speakest thou not?

Hiero. What lesser libertie can Kings affoord
Then harmeles silence? then affoord it me:
Sufficeth I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

King. Fetch forth the tortures.

Traitor as thou art, ile make thee tell. (Sonne,

Hiero. Indeed thou maiest torment me as his wretched
Hath done in murthering my *Horatio*.

But neuer shalt thou force me to reueale,
The thing which I haue vowd inuiolate:
And therefore in despite of all thy threats,
Pleasde with their deaths, and easde with their reuenge:
First take my tung, and afterwards my hart.

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch,
See *Vice-roy*, hee hath bitten foorth histung,
Rather then to reueale what we requirde.

Cas. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfie vs not,
We will deuise the xtreamest kinde of death,
That euer was inuented for a wretch.

Then he makes signes for a knife to mend his pen.

Cas. O he would haue a knife to mend his Pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduise thee that thou write the troth,
Looke to my brother, saue *Hieronimo*.

He with a knife stabs the Duke and himselfe.

King. What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds?

My

The Spanish Tragedie.

My brother and the whole succeeding hope,
That Spaine expected after my discease,
Go beare his body hence that we may mourne,
The losse of our beloued brothers death.
That he may be entom'd what ere befall,
I am the next, the neereft, last of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro* do the like for vs,
Take vp our haples sonne vntimely slaine:
Set me with him, and he with wofull me,
Vpon the maine mast of a ship vnmand,
And let the winde and tide hall me along,
To *Sillas* barking and vntamed greeke:
Or to the lothsome poole of *Acheron*,
To weepe my want for my sweet *Balthazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a *Portingale*.

The Trumpets sound a dead march, the King of Spaine mourning after his brothers body, and the King of Portingale bearing the body of his Sonne.

Enter Ghost and Reuenge.

Ghost.

I, now my hopes haue end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finnish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his Fathers bower,
Vilde Serberine by *Pedringano* slaine,
Falfe Pedringano hangd by quaint deuice,
Faire Isabella by her selfe misdone,
Prince Balthazar by *Bel-imperia* stabd,
The Duke of Castile and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by olde *Hieronimo*.
My *Bel-imperia* false as *Dido* fell,
And good *Hieronimo* slaine by himselfe:
I these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I beg at louely *Proserpine*,
That by the vertue of her Princely doome,
I may consort my freends in pleasing sort,

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And

The Spanish tragedie.

And on my foes worke iust and sharpe reuenge.
Ile lead my freend *Horatio* through those feedes,
Where neuer dying warres are still inurde.
Ile lead faire *Isabella* to that traine,
Where pittie weepes but neuer feeleth paine.
Ile lead my *Bel-imperia* to those loyes,
That vestal Virgins, and faire Queenes possesse,
Ile lead *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* plaies,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternall daies.
But say *Reuenge*, for thou must helpe or none,
Against therest how shall my hate be showne?

Reuenge.

This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell.

Ghoast.

Then sweet *Reuenge* doo this at my request,
Let me be iudge and doome them to vnrest.
Let loose poore *Titius* from the vultures gripe,
And let *Don Ciprian* supply his roome,
Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixions* wheele,
And let the louers endles paines surcease :
Iuno forgets olde wrath and graunts him ease.
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chineras* neck,
And let him there bewaile his bloody loue,
Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.
Let *Serberine* goe roule the fatall stone,
And take from *Siciphus* his endles mone.
False *Pedringaco* for his trecherie,
Let him be dragde through boyling *Acheron*,
And there liue dying still in endles flames,
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

Reuenge.

Then haste we downe to meet thy freends and foes,
To place thy freends in ease, the rest in woes.
For heere, though death hath end their miserie,
Ile there begin their endles Tragedie.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

